

# MC CALL'S

MAGAZINE  
MARCH 1921 15¢

"ANNA" A STORY OF  
PERIL and LOVE



# GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

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# MC CALL'S

MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1921

BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR



**W**E know, you and I, what becomes of our personal spending money, or most of it. But what of Uncle Sam's money? Where does that go?

Uncle Sam's money is as much your money and mine as the nickel in our pocketbook, or the dollar in our savings deposit.

There was a time when we, as women, had very little to say about what happened to Uncle Sam's money. We paid our share of it in taxes on the clothes we wore, the food we ate, and the house we owned. That was all.

As voters, we have the privilege and the right of helping to decide where we want it to be spent, and how. Privileges and rights are worth little unless we know how to use them.

If we are to have anything to say about the spending of Uncle Sam's money in the future, we must possess ourselves of certain definite facts. To begin, let's ask a few questions:

How much money did Uncle Sam spend last year? What did he spend it for? Did he get value received? Are the things he bought the things we want for the protection and welfare of our Home of State? Is his money building for tomorrow, as well as for today?

Studying a series of charts by Dr. Edward B. Rosa, of the Bureau of Standards, I have come across some surprising figures.

I knew, vaguely, that the lion's share of our national income went into the upkeep of an army and navy, and the payment of debts incurred by past wars. I knew, too, that very little went into constructive work for the future. For education, the protection of children, maternity care, upon which America's tomorrow depends, the states must rely on themselves. But until I studied Dr. Rosa's charts, I had no idea to what extent the federal business is defense and warfare.

**D**URING the year 1920, Uncle Sam wrote a check for \$5,686,005,706. Figures are always staggering things. I am more afraid of them than of machine guns. To reduce this to simple, understandable terms, let us assume that Uncle Sam's check was merely for \$100.00.

What did the men at Washington, who do the national marketing, do with that \$100.00?

Dr. Rosa divides the expenditures into six groups.

Into Group 1, he puts all the operations arising from recent and previous wars. He shows that 67.81% of the entire budget went to meet the expenses of this group. In other words, \$67.81 of our \$100.00.

In Group 2, he places maintenance of a standing army and navy, and the cost of this is 25.02%, or \$25.02.

\$92.83 of our \$100.00 have gone for what we, as housekeepers, might call burglary and fire insurance.

In Group 3, he puts primary governmental functions—the things which, in our home life, would correspond to the hiring of servants—including the expenses of Congress, the President and White House staff, and most of the other Federal establishments.

The total expenditure for all of these amounts to 3.19%, or \$3.19.

In Group 4 are the public works, which correspond to household repair, improvements and extensions. The expenditure for this was 2.97%, or \$2.97.

Group 5 includes all the self-supporting activities—Post Office, Patent Office, Panama Canal, and Housing Corporation, which, taken together, pay for themselves.

In the last, and to some the most important group, he puts research, educational and development work—including all the experiments of the Department of Agriculture, the Geological Survey, Bureau of Mines, Labor Statistics, Women's and Children's Bureau, Vocational Department, Public Health service—and agencies of a similar nature. How much money do you suppose we have left for this? 1.01%, or \$1.01.

**O**F this \$1.01, a little more than 63 cents goes to the Department of Agriculture; 7 cents goes to Public Health, which must keep our national home in a sanitary condition and our national family physically well; 13 cents goes to education—and this largely agricultural and mechanical; about half of one cent is spent on the Women's and Children's Bureau, whose job it is to help us to have better babies and have them without the frightful and unnecessary sacrifice of human life which now exists.

We get an idea, approximately, from this, where Uncle Sam's money went last year.

Where is it going this year? Where is it going ten years from now? Are we satisfied with the financial running of our house? If not, what can we do about it?

As women, vitally interested in helping men make this a better world in which to live, we must be keenly alive to the needs and possibilities of the national home. We must know what we want. A little handful of people who know what they want is worth an army of indifferents. We need to remind ourselves, now and then, that the men who go to Washington are, after all, our servants, and that we hold the purse-strings.

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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## McCALL'S MAGAZINE

March, 1921

\$1.50 PER YEAR

Canadian postage, 25 cents extra; foreign postage, 75 cents extra

Main Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 416-424 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.

80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

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# The Young Visitors.

Youth encounters America! Half a million immigrants arriving last year at the Port of New York brought along their heirs and heiresses



*Paul Thompson*

One is never too young to pioneer. This Finnish gentleman, aged three, has brought all his capital with him in his hat-box



*Paul Thompson*



*Paul Thompson*

These three little Lithuanians are resting up while their Papa and Mama tell the family history to the curious officials at Ellis Island, the door to America



*Paul Thompson*

Every Christmas at Ellis Island the League of Nations gathers around the international tree and exchanges presents. The party, as this picture shows, is racially representative



*Brown Bros.*

It is a far cry from Persia to New York, but the Oriental small boy is philosophic. Soon these youngsters, instead of sitting about so calmly, will be climbing the fence into the baseball park—like other future citizens



*Brown Bros.*

This century, 3,311,406 Russians emigrated to America, influencing dancing, and giving the Literary Club something to read. Lately Russia has specialized in revolution. These three young men, finding home too exciting, have come to a calmer America



*Brown Bros.*

There is little Hungarian rhapsody written on the faces of this family. Perhaps they are a bit scared to see America; who would not be a little nervous about entering Utopia? Never mind—in a year or so the baby will be leading the spelling class in the first grade



*Brown Bros.*



*Brown Bros.*

Since 1914, the Central part of Europe has been a house in disorder. These three little Czechoslovakians have come over to America seeking peace and quiet—and an opportunity

Left—A Dutch treat at Ellis Island. Hans and Wilhelmina, who imports her own national dolls, have exchanged the canals of Holland for some back yard on Main Street. Here's hoping they like their new playground

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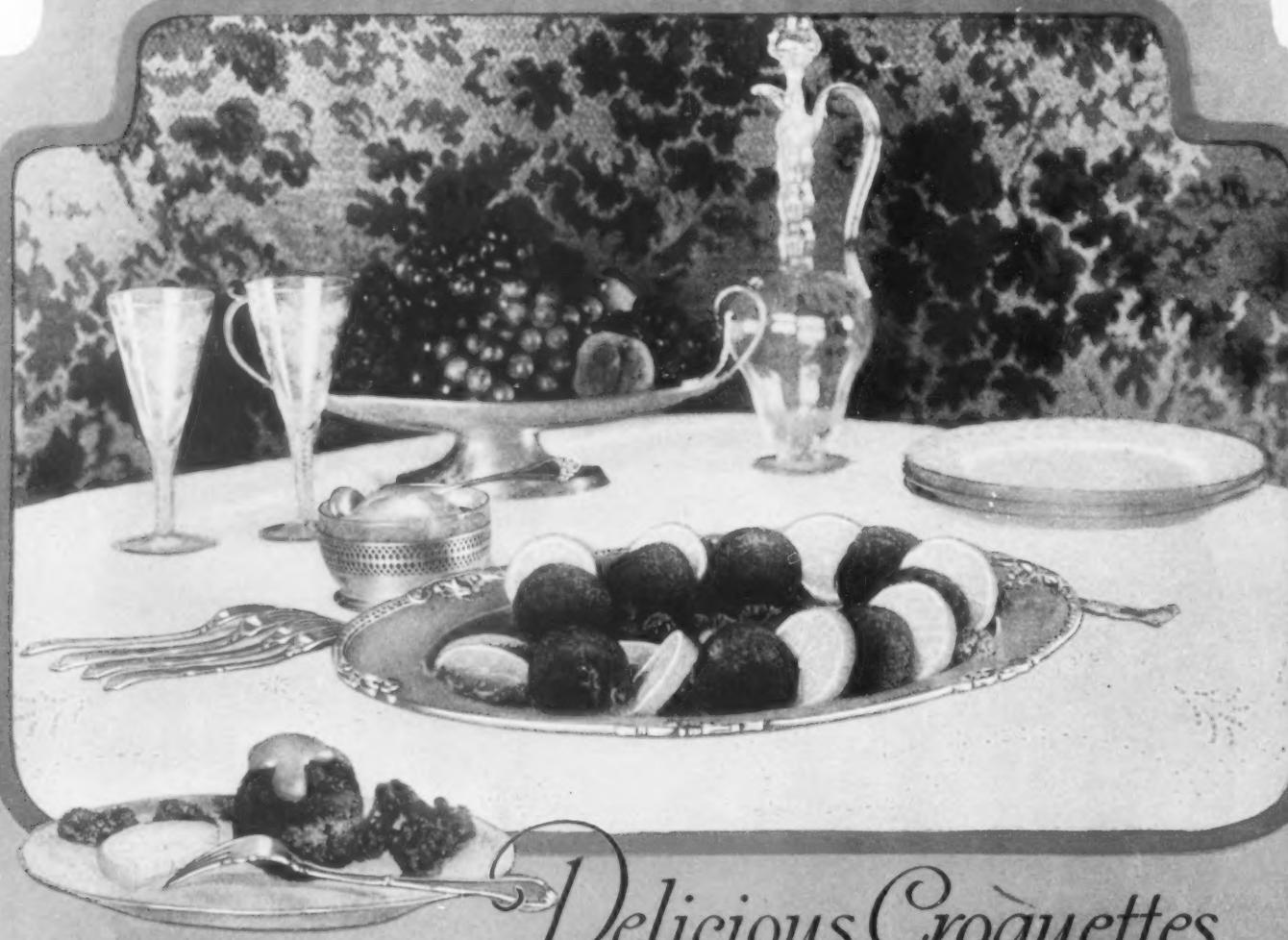
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Camden, N. J.



*See recipe for Salmon Croquettes  
in cookbook offered below.*

## *Delicious Croquettes*

*Do you know how to make them easily and inexpensively?*

Croquettes offer a most economical and appetizing way to serve left-overs. If you follow the approved rules for deep frying (see special cookbook offer below) you will find that your croquettes will not be greasy, that your house will not be filled with an unpleasant odor and that you will use less cooking fat than when you cook in a frying pan.

The first rule for successful croquettes is to use Crisco.

Crisco fried foods do not look, taste, nor smell greasy. Crisco cannot be detected on anything prepared with it because it is white, pure, tasteless, and odorless. It is a vegetable product unlike lard in origin and effect.

No matter how much frying you do with Crisco your kitchen will be as pleasant to work in as when you are doing any other kind of cooking. Crisco does not smoke at frying temperature.

Frying consumes comparatively little Crisco and none need be thrown away. Crisco is not absorbed by the food because it forms a crust almost immediately. All that is left can be used again and again because it does not carry the taste of one food to another.

Keep Crisco on hand and you always will be equipped to produce croquettes, fritters or other good fried things at a moment's notice.

Use Crisco for baking, too. It makes flaky pastries, tender biscuit, and delicious, butterlike cakes. Get it from your grocer, in sanitary, dirt-proof containers, at about the same price as lard sold from an open tub. One pound, net weight, and larger sizes.

*Crisco is also made and sold in Canada.*

### *Do you know the 24 Rules for Perfect Frying?*

"The Whys of Cooking" will tell you all the "tricks of the trade" that will enable you to make your croquettes, fritters and other fried foods just right the first time you try them. Written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School, and editor of "American Cookery", this book also contains scores of her exclusive recipes, including the Salmon Croquettes pictured above. Illustrated in color. Bound in blue and gold. We pay 26c for every copy of this book. You may have one copy, postpaid, for 10 cents in stamps. Write to Section L-3, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati.



**CRISCO**  
*For Frying—For Shortening  
For Cake Making*



ANNA GROVELED IN THE TRAMPLED SNOW AT THE FEET OF THE EXECUTIONERS, PLEADING FOR THAT PRECIOUS LIFE

**T**HE three men seated around the small table on the club-house veranda were not alike, outwardly at least. Field was small and dark with a nearly bald head and flashing teeth. Holmes was stout and blond. Parker, very tall, with an ugly, arresting face and eyes steady beneath thatched brows. Yet they were strangely similar, with the similarity bestowed upon men by a common social experience.

Behind them the veranda was empty, dimly lighted by a few electric globes around which went on an unceasing dance of moths. The lawn and the links beyond were dark and smooth, like a calm sea. A waiter in a white coat lounged in a doorway, his sleepy eyes fixed on these three men who seemed never going to move. He had served them coffee and cigarettes and now they sat talking, a little pushed back from the table, relaxed, smiling.

"Here we are again," Holmes was saying, striking a match that for a moment illuminated his florid face. "After three years. Unchanged. At least—well, a few pounds lost or gained—"

Parker shrugged his shoulders. "It's one of those eternal mysteries—how little impression life makes on our bodies, after all. We suffer like the devil, enjoy ourselves, go through all sorts of inner complications and readjustments—grow, if you like—and then someone says: 'How well you're looking. Haven't changed in all these years, by George!'"

Field ran his hand over that smooth, brown baldness. "I haven't a sorrow in the world—and look at me!"

"Not a sorrow?"

"Not one. I've got everything I want. Mary and the children and all the decencies. I never did have extravagant desires." He laughed. "I'm not like you, Parker—always running off after rainbows. What do you do when you disappear into the rest of the world . . . ? I've envied you more than once." He looked at Parker with a sudden amiable curiosity. "You come and go—doing pretty much what you please—and we stay here, domesticated, unquestioning, kowtowing to our little household gods. Who knows which of us has the essence of living, the heart of the thing, the elusive—what shall I call it—fragrance of existence?"

Parker leaned back, touching the table-top with his broad, square-tipped fingers. Just then his eyes were hidden, but there was a queer smile on his lips.

"You two—" he began.

"Yes—we two!" Holmes interrupted. "You're contemptuous of us, you nomad *de luxe*, you foot-loose gentleman of leisure! Don't deny it! You come back to these meetings of ours with just a little pity in your heart for our bland security."

"Oh, no."

"Be honest." Holmes' plump hand rested for a moment on Parker's arm. "It is an old belief that unhappy men like to involve others in their own unhappiness. Well, perhaps. What I'm trying to say is that America's a good country—a bit raw, but in the makin'—and American women are real women; and happiness—good God, don't involve me in pollyanna." Holmes tossed his cigarette over the railing—a little comet flash of sparks. "I suppose you're going off again," he remarked drily, "to New Guinea or Santo Domingo or Kalamazoo . . . ."

Parker did not answer for a moment. His fingers were still pressed against the surface of the table, his eyes in shadow.

"I suppose you mean," he said finally, "that I'm wasting my time knocking around the globe. I ought to marry and settle down. I'm not exactly young enough to expect to overtake the rainbow!" He raised his eyes and regarded his friends with a look that was both challenging and apologetic. "The truth is—I'm off again next week. Russia."

"Russia? But I thought—"

"I've just come back from there. I know. I'm going back for a purely romantic reason. At my age!"

# ANNA

## By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"A woman," Field said sharply.

Parker nodded. "Isn't it always a woman? You want me to stay here, don't you, to marry a purely hypothetical creature, someone who would be 'good for me,' fill the deficit in my heart, make me contented with mediocrity! Excuse me. I'm finding it hard to be polite because I appreciate your—your affection. Both of you. But it just happens—"

He was silent again. A warm scent of clover came from the darkness on the breath of a wandering, erratic summer wind. A group of people moved across the veranda—women with smooth, sleek hair, brilliant wraps, high-heeled, buckled slippers. There was a ripple of laughter. Someone began to play a piano, rather well, making loveliness out of a seductive dance measure.

"Well," Holmes said sharply. "I'm sorry, Parker. . . ."

"You needn't be sorry. I'll be coming back here some day. Sure to. For just such a dinner as this. . . . Unchanged."

"No younger."

"No. But don't fancy that I'm cheating this hypothetical wife you're offering me. Or cheating myself. You see—" Suddenly he stared at them, his face a little twisted. "You see—I'm married already."

**F**IELD answered after an embarrassed silence. "We didn't guess. Of course that makes it different!" And he offered his hand.

Parker did not seem to see. He was twisting his coffee-cup between his fingers. "Funny," he said, smiling again, "but I've never acknowledged it before, not even to myself. I'm a bit startled, hearing myself say: 'I'm married.' As if I could take your hand over it and drink with you and let the fact of it warm my heart—as I suppose Mary must warm yours, Field, and Miriam yours, Jo. Mine wasn't that sort of marriage. No welkin. Or flowers. Or old slippers. Only horror." He spread out his hands. "You accused me of going after rainbows! And I came back with this—nothing! The inevitable end of all rainbow-chasing, perhaps. I'll tell you about it. First of all, because you two will understand, if anyone will, the peculiar quality of my suffering. You know me well enough to take my selfishness for granted. I believe in individualism—life for me, my way, bad or good." He pushed the cup away. "And that's that!"

Holmes, turning halfway in his chair, beckoned to the lounging waiter. "Here—more coffee, if you please. Hot milk. And matches." When these things were put before them, Parker began:

"I had been in France with the Red Cross—that you know about. Toward the end of the war I was sent to Venice, and with the armistice, into Austria; then to Rumania and Serbia, and from there to Russia, where there was still fighting, of course. You will forgive me if I succumb to the malicious temptation of mentioning again your reason for disapproving of me—there weren't many rainbows during those two or three years! Typhus. Hunger. Whole nations gone blind with despair, cheated of security,

betrayed by their rulers, given over to starvation and brutality. If I had fallen in love with mankind during the war, I fell out of it again in Rumania and Serbia. Why save the beasts? You understand, there isn't anything picturesque about dirty peasants, cringing before the scythe-sweep of death, going down by the tens of thousands. . . . And mud. Dirt. A shuddering vileness. Why, there were times when life itself, not death, seemed unreal, when a living person was a curiosity.

"The air seemed full of poison-tipped arrows, so that people walked through the villages with scared, furtive eyes—dodging invisible missiles, as it were. I myself stopped one of these—javelins, in Belgrade. And I assure you it would have been easier to die than it had been to live. I remember thinking: 'Now I can rest.' But it wasn't to be as easy as all that! I lived. And with the assumption of the old burden—at first it seemed unendurable—I was sent back to Paris and then to London, where I got used to the sight of healthy humanity.

"I'm telling you all this because you'll more readily understand why I went to Siberia with one of those purposeless, hurried expeditions sent out to the 'relief' of Kolchak. I had been familiar with death—well, I wanted more of it. Morbid? Of course. My curiosity wasn't satisfied.

"I went first to Vladivostok and, after a time, joined the American Red Cross, where I really belonged. And again I found myself in the thick of it—typhoid fever, typhus, dysentery. Only here there was more than a struggle with death; Russia, Siberia in particular, was engaged in a gigantic battle with an idea. The White leader represented to the people only another autocracy, yet he advanced with the blessing of the Council of Four—a wolf wearing the skin of a lamb. I found the *zemstvo* officials trying to erect a genuine democratic foundation for the future, the Americans were popular, there was hope of sanity. . . . Then Omsk, and all it stood for, rose like a cone of volcanic smoke, spread over the land, and a reign of lawlessness followed.

"I got into the middle of it. I knew very little about the revolutionary movement; Russian socialist party-politics were a sealed book to me. These people were all insane—a madhouse visited by typhus! And all the while Allied troops kept arriving, and crowds of refugees and weary, hopeless, political prisoners, going they knew not where, punished by they knew not whom. I moved through that atmosphere of distrust, betrayal, terror and persecution like a man protected by destiny. At that time the Americans were popular with both factions—the White army looked to us for support, and the *zemstvos* still had faith that America possessed the open sesame to political freedom in her Constitution. . . .

"I'm taking a long time to say this. After all, it was only a phase—gone now in the amazing onward rush of human affairs. Who cares about that crowd now? It was a woman I promised to tell you about. . . ."

**P**ACKER quenched his cigarette by digging it savagely into the polished surface of the table, as if the unaccustomed carelessness satisfied an inner impulse to make a savage gesture. His face was turned down, away from the light, but Field and Holmes saw the sudden twist of his mouth into a sort of smile that did not mask the anger or pain or disgust he felt.

"I saw her first in a military hospital in one of the smaller Siberian cities. A prison-train had just arrived and about four hundred men, women and children had been herded into that overcrowded, filthy place. There was typhus, of course. And the Russian officials, childish and helpless, said to me: 'Go. Do what you can. You Americans are omnipotent.' That, at least, was the purport of the polite shrug they gave.

"The hospital was in charge of an old surgeon—a man who might have been a great swell under the old régime.



HE WENT ALL THROUGH THAT REEKING HOSPITAL, LEAVING BEHIND HIM A STARK, UNREASONING HORROR. NO ONE KNEW WHAT HE WOULD DO NEXT

lions of them, who were perhaps to receive the poisoned arrows in their breasts. Typhus! My dear sir, look at them—'

"He opened a door. I saw a long, bare room, with humid walls of plastered stone, lighted by a few barred windows set too high to be opened or shut. Straw mats had been thrown on the wet floor. A few dirty beds. And everywhere, crouched together, lying in heaps like the victims of a massacre, the prisoners. The most seriously ill lay full length or sat against the walls, with their heads thrown back. All of them turned their feverish eyes toward us as we came down the room, and there arose a subdued babble, moans and broken shouts for water, medicine, air, release. . . .

"Anna was sitting on the floor, holding a child in her arms. I stopped and spoke to her, and to my surprise she answered in French.

"The child is dead," I explained, as gently as I could, for I thought it might be hers.

"I know. But I cannot bury it here," she said."

Parker leaned forward to strike a match. He straightened slowly.

"I won't try to describe this woman to you, or why she touched my imagination—immediately, as she did. There was a look of brooding in her face. Her eyes were gray with a black iris, and her brows—like fine wings—almost met above the bridge of her nose. The mouth was too coarse, but set in inflexible lines, as if she had closed her lips upon a terrible secret. Even beneath the shawls and ugly wrappings of her peasant costume, you saw that her body was flexible and strong. Yet she sat motionless, calm as a Sphinx—only her eyes seemed alive in that beautiful and terrible immobility.

"While the old doctor went on down the cluttered aisle of the room, I questioned her. She answered with disdain, in an expressionless voice.

"She came, it seems, from a town near Omsk. Her father was a tradesman, a small shopkeeper. He lived with his wife and Anna in a house near the railway station. He loved Russia, but he was too old to take part in the revolution. Yet it was his fate to be drawn into it and to perish for it.

"Anna told me the story without a shade of difference in her voice—flatly—almost as if the recital bored her. I had not taken the child from her, and she held it tight between her strong arms, drawn up against her breast. There was nothing else for her to cling to, then.

"Do you know anything about Omsk? It's the coldest place on God's earth—frozen and still, like a bad dream. On a December night—the twenty-second, I believe—there were riots in and about the town. The usual thing: workmen attacking a prison and releasing a few unimportant Bolsheviks. Anna's father got caught in the mob, and because his old legs were stiff he was arrested, while most of the real instigators got clean away. There followed a 'merciless execution.'

"Not anything as humane as hanging or shooting. That gang knew to a nicety the extreme limit of human endurance—the hair-line between life and death. Those of the rioters who had been arrested were stripped and driven naked through the streets. Anna ran beside her old father, screaming and pleading. . . . It was night, and the breaths of the victims and the torturers rose above them in frosty clouds. There was something shocking, terrible, about those naked, white bodies, running stiffly, with bleeding feet, through the snow.

"The Supreme Ruler wanted the names of the leaders in the rebellion. Naturally, Anna's father knew nothing. He kept turning his tortured eyes to her and groaning: 'Tell

them I'm innocent.' But at last, she said, he straightened his pitiful body and screamed: 'I am one of them!'

"In the end, the half-frozen wretches were placed in rows against a wall and shot. With other women, Anna groveled in the trampled snow at the feet of the executioners, pleading for that precious life. She had wound herself around the legs of a big fellow in a sheepskin coat, striving to reach the knives in his belt—to kill him, or herself—she wasn't sure. But he kicked her, and fired over her body at her father.

"These are horrible details. Sitting here on this club-house veranda, it's easy to believe that the thing never happened. We are going to slip very soon into our former security, if we don't watch out. . . . I was not as horrified when Anna told me the story as you are, hearing it from me, all these thousands of comforting miles away from the madness and the brutality of men like that. Her father's body—frozen now for good—was put with the others into a freight car.

**A**NNA went temporarily mad. She ran back through the town cursing the Supreme Ruler, proclaiming herself Bolshevik, simply offering herself up. She was capable of such heroic folly. I can imagine her, her face white and wild, her red mouth drawn into a grimace of hate, her step reckless and provocative—a young fury bent on self-destruction.

"They arrested her, of course. Her mother, too. She was sent to this military hospital of mine. Her mother was shipped off in the opposite direction.

"Do you know where she is now?" I asked Anna.

"She shook her head. 'No. If I live, I will find her. That is all there is left to me.'

"I could not linger to talk to her longer. . . . I took the dead child away from her as gently as I could, loosening the desperate clutch of her fingers. Then I hurried after the doctor.

"Barracks, to serve as both quarantine and prison, were absolutely necessary. Besides, I had to have some sort of convoy for them, and, of course, a guard. There was some cavalry in the city, the ragged remnant of one of the Little White Father's crack regiments, which had undergone many a sea-change. The old doctor sent me to their chief to beg for his protection and assistance. This young officer lived in the most substantial house in the place—occupied a whole suite of rooms to himself and put on style. I found him lounging before a fireplace in a big, faded drawing-room. He got to his feet when he saw my uniform and saluted smartly. Oh, he was a great swell! He waved me to a chair and he himself sprawled on a satin sofa with one highly polished boot dangling, and a pillow under his blond head. What did I want? He was glad to do anything for the Americans. Had I heard that the English were solidly behind the new administration? The French, too? And why were the American troops being kept in Eastern Siberia?

"I knew why, but I said polite things which did not in the least deceive him. I told him that the military prison was overcrowded, that typhus had broken out and that I must separate the prisoners at once or the epidemic would get beyond control.

"Oh, I can give you barracks," he said. "There are some disused buildings in the suburbs."

"I shall want a convoy for them," I added. "And a guard. These people are very sick, but they are prisoners and I cannot take the responsibility of freeing them."

"He smiled, showing those little white teeth under his gold mustache. 'My dear sir, I cannot lend my men for such purposes. Cavalry doing guard duty! Impossible!'

"Then there will be typhus in Siberia. Do you know anything about it, captain? It is no respecter of persons."

"His eyes met mine. As he lay there, I assure you he looked like a comic-opera prince—his jacket was trimmed with astrakhan and unbuttoned, showing a silk shirt. He wore a gold bracelet on his wrist.

"Who are these people?" he demanded finally, in a different voice.

"I explained. He sat up, looking very eager, with a flush in his smooth cheeks upon which there was, I swear, the down of youth.

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you," he said gaily. "Hand over the whole four hundred, and in twenty-four hours there won't be sick or well among them. We mustn't take chances with typhus. Wipe it out now and have done with it."

"Do you mean a wholesale execution of all these innocent people?" I demanded.



"RUSSIA. WE ARE HERE." HER FACE WAS TRANSFORMED, LIGHTED BY AN INNER RADIANCE. OUR EYES MET. ALOUD I SAID, IN SPITE OF MYSELF, "I LOVE YOU, ANNA"

"Yes. Why not? They're dogs. Traitors. And dangerous to public health, besides. I've a good mind to take it into my own hands. That old doctor is a Bolshevik himself."

"Nonsense. There are Bolsheviks in his hospital, but you can't very well expect him to kill them off."

"The young man said again, with maddening calm: 'Why not?'

"You know well enough why not. It is the White leader's boast that he is going to establish a free government in Russia on the firm basis of public trust. He is getting moral support from the Allies. Suppose it became known outside of Russia that mistakes are being made—I am putting it politely."

"He looked at me with a frown between his baby-blue eyes; his mouth curled into a sneer. He got to his feet and saluted again, clicking his heels together. And while he dismissed me, he buttoned his Prince of Pilsen jacket up to the throat, as if he wanted to impress me with the faultlessness of his attire.

"My dear fellow, be careful what you say. You are, officially, a doctor, not an arbitrator of Russia's political destiny. I will consider your request and let you know—later."

"There was nothing for me to do but to go."

Parker, who had not touched his cigarette, now took a deep puff and, tipping back his head, watched the slow upcurling of the smoke that drifted under the veranda roof and was whisked suddenly sidewise out into the darkness.

"Well," Field asked finally, "what did the young devil do? And why didn't you cut his throat then and there?"

"And get my own cut? Hardly! I went back to the hospital and told the old doctor. He simply shrugged his shoulders and went on working. . . . Of course I sought out Anna, because her face had haunted me, as the faces of the obsessed always do. She was working, too—the sleeves of her dress rolled up to the shoulders, showing her capable arms, flawless as marble. She had magnificent hands—not at all the hands of a peasant—broad, but finely modeled, with long, cool fingers. Her face was dead white, and when she saw me a flash of recognition came into her eyes that for a moment made my heart uneasy. But I soon saw that she looked upon me only as a possible means of gaining her own freedom and finding her mother. She had but one idea—it burned in her with a clear flame, consuming every other emotion. There was no room in her for pity or love or fear. Only that thought, that intention, tragic and ruthless—to rescue the other loved one, no matter how. She credited me with divine powers. I was not a man to her, I was a weapon in her hand.

**I**DID not fall in love with her then; I can say this honestly. In spite of her French—learned from the nuns at a rural school of some sort—she was as far removed from my way of thinking as pole is from pole. I'm not trying to defend my way of thinking, you understand—only if we spoke to each other at all, it must be across an abyss of differences. But I was fascinated, as one is fascinated by a sleek tiger in a cage. And, remember, I was far away from my world of complex *mondaines*. This woman was mysterious because she was so magnificently simple.

"She whispered to me every time we met: 'You must get me away. You can. You are powerful here.'

"Powerful! My prestige was worth nothing, unless that cub of an officer chose to be impressed by it. The wheels of authority began to revolve, and on the morning following my unfortunate interview with the cavalry chief he appeared at the hospital, in all his glory, to make an inspection. The military commandant of the city, he told me, had authorized him to choose fifty of the prisoners for execution—as an example! Either this, or the whole lot must perish together of typhus. He had a list of names, which he consulted frequently, of the most dangerous 'cases.' With the tired old doctor at his elbow, he went from room to room, identifying them.

"You have probably guessed. Anna was one of those who came under this wholly illegal and detestable ban. She received the sentence without a quiver or a change of expression. Only the blood ebbed from her face, leaving it whiter than ever.

"A pretty girl," the cub said to me in English. "Too pretty. They're the worst sort." And he passed on, screwing a monocle into one baby-blue eye and squinting at the official list—which I am perfectly certain was not official at all, only a complete record of the prisoners' names which had been on file at the commandant's office. He went all through that reeking hospital, leaving behind him a trail of violet scent and stark, unreasoning horror. No one knew what he would do next. When he had gone,

I went at once to Anna, finding her still standing upright with her hands clasped behind her. The look she gave me was full of a challenging haughty.

[Con. on p. 56]

# Shall Mothers Be Beggars?

By Katharine Anthony

*Clap hands, clap hands, till Father comes home,  
For Father has money, but Mother has none.*

MOTHER GOOSE was something of a feminist in her own way, though she and her simple rhymes could hardly be put into the same class as Mrs. Sidney Webb and the Minority Poor Law Report. But both of these distinguished British authoresses were agreed in observing this curious fact in the world about them: that Father has money and Mother has none.

Now, if there is anybody in all the world who simply must have money, it is Mother. Too many people think that love, respect and chivalry, Mothers' Day orations and campaign compliments, are all that mothers need; and that money is entirely incidental to their trade. The trouble is that all these beautiful but imponderable rewards are not legal tender at the grocery store; and that Mother cannot really enjoy all these graceful tributes unless her mind is reasonably relieved about the rent and Baby's clothing.

Mothering without money is impossible, and growing more so every day. That is why the woman movement in every country is taking more interest in the endowment of motherhood than in the more familiar problems of the wage-earning and self-supporting woman.

Ten years ago it did not occur to anyone to worry about the married mother. As long as there was any prospect of father coming home with money in his pocket, the family was supposed to be supplied with an India-rubber income. This theory was generally held to be sound, although the growing number of under-nourished children in our public schools suggested that, in practice, it did not work out so well.

But the plight of the widowed mother was clearly seen to be undeserved. No matter how good a mother had been to her children, her husband's death shut off the money supply for the family, and she was forthwith driven into beggary or industry, and often into both.

Mother Goose made a poem about the poverty of mothers and let it go at that. But Mrs. Sidney Webb thought that something should be done about it. So she wrote a paragraph into the Minority Poor Law Report of 1909, boldly advocating the idea that widows, who are competent to take care of their children, should be paid by the state for doing so. And when the war came along, the British government introduced a system of separation allowances which resembled the widows' pensions already introduced in a number of our American states. These separation allowances gave each mother whose husband was at the front a specified sum for herself and her children.

## Endowing Mother

Since the war, the idea of widows' pensions has grown into the movement for national endowment of motherhood. Hosts of new voters in various countries are showing a distinct tendency to concentrate on a square deal for the mothers of young children. Widows first, they say, but in the end, all mothers with young children, regardless of what the father earns. There is a precedent for this in the Australian maternity-insurance law, which allows a bonus of five pounds to every mother who is a citizen, whether she be rich or poor. And the facts show that the rich mothers do not fail to collect their maternity insurance any more than do the poor ones. After all, as the state becomes paymaster of the mothers, it must live up to the principle of equality by guaranteeing to every child nothing more or less than the chance to live and be healthy.

It is not to be expected that the endowment of maternity is something which should happen suddenly. It took people seventy years to get used to the idea of woman suffrage. And no doubt today's pessimists will find the same dark outlook for a world which is moving toward the endowment of motherhood. As in the case of suffrage, they will close their eyes to certain examples of this scheme which are already in practise. In America, the first experiments have taken the form of widows' pensions. Thirty-nine states have some public provision for mothers left with young children to support. In Europe, every country has a system of maternity benefit or maternity insurance, which is paid at the period of confinement to all women whose incomes fall below a certain level.

The European governments emphasize the crisis of childhood, while the American state governments focus on the crisis of widowhood, as a question of public welfare.

English women are now insisting that the separation allowances given there during the war have proved the necessity for widows' pensions. And, thanks to the excellent work of the Federal Children's Bureau and to the International Working-Women's Conference in Washington last fall, the American state governments are learning that storks do not bring babies and that mothers are people who produce the population. If the population is to be sound and healthy, the government must be willing to stand by the mothers with medical aid and nursing service, and even with a cash allowance if necessary.

In one aspect or another, the endowment of motherhood will be a leading issue for women in this country. In Oxford,

England, recently, the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship held a summer school to discuss the economics of maternity. One woman justice-of-the-peace from Liverpool asked:

"Can the nation afford the present system of keeping the family on father's wages? Out of thirteen million males, under six million have children. In other words, only fifty per cent. of the men are parents, and yet they receive equal wages with the other fifty per cent., single men, who have no parental responsibilities. So far, the present method of providing for the up-keep of the family is not economical; nor is it compatible with the dignity of the married woman. *The mother should be remunerated for rearing children, irrespective of the husband's earnings.*"

UNDER the present arrangement of widows' pensions—in states where such pensions exist—the amount of money given to the mother does not depend in the least on the number of her children or her skill and ability as a mother. One does not have to be an economic expert

as her husband to the maintenance of the family. She is furthermore given a lien on the husband's wages, for house-keeping money, in case such a necessity should arise. It is the first time that this claim has been made a legal one in any country. Thus the Swedish wife and mother is no longer supported by her husband but, by reason of her labor in the home, is a self-supporting woman in the eyes of the law.

Perhaps you will say there is nothing so new about that. A good husband always gives his wife what he earns; everyone knows that the women spend the family income in America. They buy everything that comes into the house, except tobacco and newspapers. The mother is head-buyer of the family firm; and as she controls the outgo, she must have access to the income. What more can a woman want?

But! *It is her husband's money.* And if this money, which is now passing through the toil-hardened hands of the wife on its way to the grocer's cash-register, is the money of her husband, *where is her money?* Does anyone work harder than the woman who spends her days in cooking,

washing, sewing, shopping, hanging the curtains, nursing the baby and meeting all the emergencies which normally occur in homes with young children? If these women do not pay their way in society, who does?

There is no denying that industry has gone out of the home and that the change is for the better. The housewife of the twentieth century has been relieved of all the baking, brewing, spinning and weaving, which the early-nineteenth-century housewife regularly carried on. Nowadays, food comes into the kitchen almost, if not quite, ready to be eaten; clothes are delivered at the door which, with a little alteration, are ready to be worn. A dozen labor-saving devices, the miracles of electricity, have transformed the old-fashioned job of housewifery.

## The Eternal Baby

But there is one aspect of the matter which is seldom discussed, and that is the small amount of visible relief which has come to the mother of children who are under school age. The twentieth-century baby remains, on the whole, about the same kind of job that he was in the nineteenth century. Mr. Edison has not yet invented the machine which will help the mother to wean him, to break him of bed-wetting and to teach him to eat without spilling. Indeed, as industry has gone out of the home, the standard of living has gone up, with the result that the mother's job has grown more exacting. Today we expect children to have far more cleanly habits than grown-ups were expected to have in Elizabethan times.

Once the child has reached the compulsory-education age, the community is willing to invest plenty of money in his schooling and even in his health. But the community must find ways of taking an interest in his life from the very beginning. A new-born babe has a slender hold on life compared with the little first-grader; and a recent mother has fewer chances to live than the mother of the six-year-old. If they both survive till the school bell rings, it is not because any of our states have hitherto thought it necessary to do anything for them.

There is pending, at present, a Federal Bill for the public protection of maternity and infancy. The Sheppard-Towner Bill, as the measure is called, provides an appropriation for maternity-centers and other suitable methods of furnishing medical and nursing care for mothers and infants. By the terms of the bill, the state receiving the Federal grant must itself set aside an equivalent sum and thus double the total budget to be used.

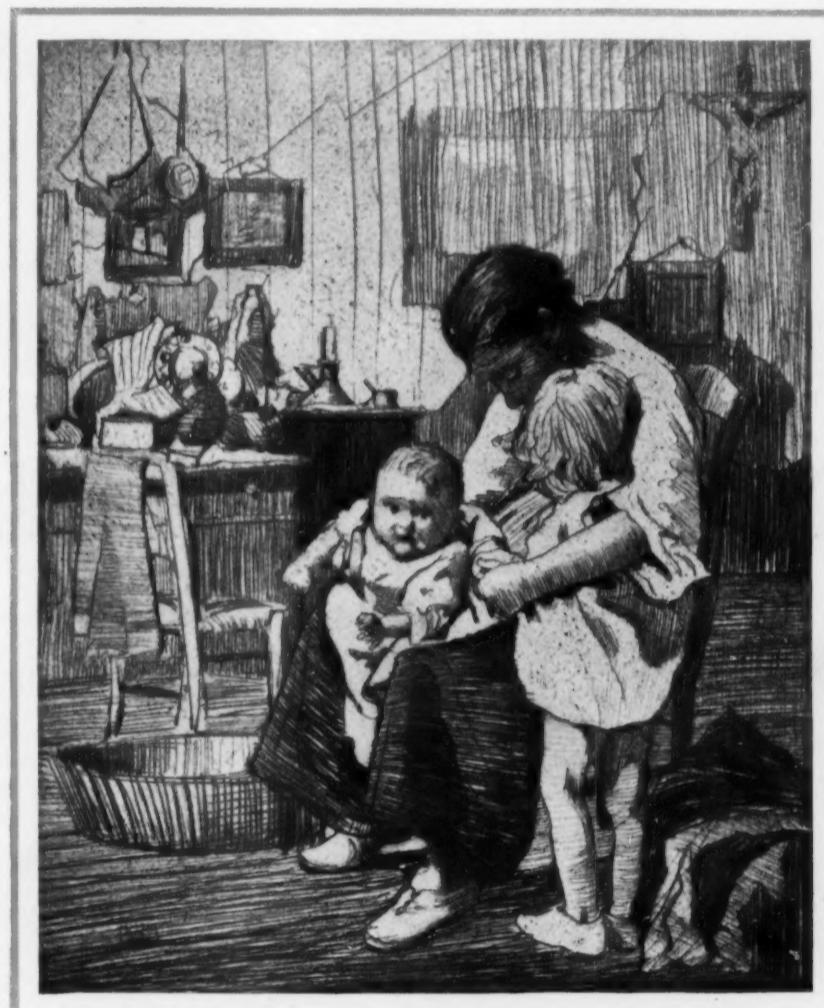
In the first year, four million dollars would be spent for the protection of human life, at the point where it is most endangered—at the maternal source. The passage of the measure would remove the unenviable distinction which the United States enjoys of being the only modern, highly-civilized country which economizes at the expense of maternity and infancy.

Through such legislative advances, the endowment of motherhood will probably be gradually and painlessly ushered into the future commonwealth. Until that time comes, the economic independence of women cannot be said to have been achieved. Until that time comes, mothers will always be sensitive to their lack of status in the community, always resentful of their relative inferiority to other workers. Only such measures as genuinely tend to equalize the responsibility of both parents can help to improve the economic position of the mother.

*Shall mothers be beggars?*

Certainly not.

Shall they, then, be given a legal claim on the husband's wages? That seems only fair from one point of view, for it would mean a great deal for the status of the wife; and so much is due to her self-respect. But who is going to see to it that the husband gets wages according to the number of his children? In the long run, nothing will be of fundamental help which does not focus the question from the point of view of the individual child. The only method which can accomplish that is the state endowment of motherhood.



From an etching by Lee Hanky

HARD TIMES

Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

to understand this. So long as the father of five children receives the same treatment as the father of none, and so long as the mother of two receives the same treatment as the mother of six, it is clear that something is wrong in the public attitude toward parents.

## Mothering Is Piecework

No government in the world would think of duplicating this uneconomical practise. The moment the government becomes paymaster, it begins to count the children. All the widows' pensions are paid "per child." Mothering is piece-work and the wage-scale must be drawn up accordingly. Usually it runs so-and-so much for the first child, something less for the second, and so on in a descending scale. This seems fair enough and should quiet the fears of those who condemn all aid to mothers as a dangerous method of encouraging unlimited families.

It is just to save good mothers from this undeserved blight that the state must learn to put a proper valuation on the service of maternity. We have got the habit of thinking of "woman's work" in masculine terms. When is a woman a worker and when is she not a worker? If you ask that question about a man, it is easily answered. But if you ask it about a woman, the answer is often a matter of opinion. Every time the census comes around, women are offended by its classifications. The hardest-working housewife and mother in the country cannot escape the category of a "dependent" into which, as a "supported wife," she inevitably falls.

The Swedish women now have a marriage law which at last gives the married woman her due. The law starts out with the simple rule that both husband and wife must contribute equally to the support of the family. If both should have salaries, they must halve the expenses. If the wife, however, gives all her time and work to the home, she is regarded by the law as having contributed the same amount



MURIEL KNEW HE DID NOT SEE HER; BUT SHE WAITED, HELD BY SOME BEAUTY IN HIS FACE—SOMETHING THAT, FOR A MOMENT, HURT

# UNBUILT HOUSES

By Marion Ward Lockwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FISHER

**I**T can't be done, Aunt Harriet!"

The tall youth, sprawled upon the worn white bearskin, came swiftly into the firelight. His shadow, lean and tapering, reached to the opposite wall. His dark eyes stared into the flames. The clean line of his cheek and chin was broken, his jaw set; a redness deeper than the pink and tan of health reached below the sharp line of his collar. Then, as he jerked around on his heel, the color vanished and took youth with it, leaving him a pale, troubled man. His long-limbed body dropped to a low stool, his knees sticking up like the legs of a grasshopper; his hurt gaze turned upon the woman in the chair.

"He couldn't understand—even if he wanted to." Young defiance had fled; it was the voice of a little boy, pleading.

Harriet Stanfield's thin features were slightly drawn. Her gaze was lost in the shadows beyond the dark head and sagging shoulders. Her hair was the color of white floss, and in the face beneath was a quality people called "spiritual." "Come here, boy," she said.

Instantly he was on his knees beside her, his arms in outgrown coat-sleeves flung about her. . . . Their companionship had never known the bonds of restraint.

Then, after a minute, embarrassment at the forgotten dignity and self-control of his twenty-one years filled his face with color. He rose quietly, thrust his loose-jointed hands in his pockets, and walked to the window. It was one of those freak midsummer days—rain and wind and cold.

"Tell me about him, Roger. What did he look like and what did he say?" Miss Stanfield spoke quickly. Then she added: "Remember, dear, how little he had in life."

Roger swung about, facing her. He spoke in deep full tones:

"It's his own fault!" His manhood was again within the clasp of his hand. He crossed the room and sat in a chair facing her.

"He looks a lot like the picture in the album—only much older and harder. Yet—well, I don't think he wanted to be so cold and distant." He flushed a little. "I think he wanted to tell me he liked me, but—he didn't know how. Somehow I felt as if I might have learned to like him, but then he seemed so crabby I knew I could never get at that—that finer part of him. . . . It's buried under so many other things I can't stand for, it's a wonder it had enough life to send me a flash. No wonder Father cut loose!"

He stopped abruptly and pulled his chair nearer the fire. He did not question his aunt's understanding of his explanation but went on swiftly, impatiently conscious of feelings he could not express.

"Anyway, the most important thing was that he asked me to come there for the summer, and then decide whether I wanted to live with him, inherit the Duval money, or—" He hesitated, looking at her keenly—"or just be Harriet Stanfield's nephew and earn my own living."

It was she who had taught him to give her, always, clean-cut truth. The boy went on:

"Of course, he didn't use just those words, but he was very—very businesslike about it. . . . I was hot! Before he could say another word, I told him I couldn't stand loafers, and that nothing on earth could make me give you up—that you'd stuck by me through thick and thin . . . ."

Miss Stanfield leaned forward and touched Roger's hand.

"Then he changed his tactics, said of course I 'could see you often!' The boy's scornful laugh reached the shadowy corners of the room. "I knew we could never get anywhere on that point, so I cut the whole thing short. I told him I was going to be an architect—that I wouldn't have time to bother with the estate—"

His aunt broke in quickly: "I'm sorry you said that, Roger. It must have hurt him."

He paused a minute. "I had to, and—anyway he isn't the hurtable kind. But after all that, he begged me to come and try it, if only for two weeks—said I'd see things in a different light. . . . Somehow, for a minute, he looked as though he wanted me terribly—and before I knew it I said it was up to you, that I'd come if you said so."

She spoke firmly: "It is far too important for anyone but you to decide, Roger."

**H**E looked thoughtful, and added in more controlled tones:

"There won't need to be any decision; but I thought it would be sort of a vacation before college." He rose and shrugged his broad shoulders as if he could shake off this unsought burden, at will. He leaned over, his hands on the arms of her chair, and kissed her lightly on each cheek. "Tonight's the Carter's dance—going to take Muriel Reese."

Miss Stanfield looked up absently. "Oh, yes—I'd forgotten." There was a lump in her throat and a mist in her eyes. Roger put his hand under her chin and lifted it. "You won't worry—it's all right, isn't it?" he asked. Then vehemently: "I wish to heaven he'd stayed in Russia!"

Harriet Stanfield stood up suddenly and put her hands on his shoulders. He was a head taller than she.

"I must never interfere, Roger—it would make me terribly unhappy. I want you to go—perhaps this is an opportunity—"

"I'm going to make my own opportunities—" he broke in swiftly. Then, stooping to kiss her, he left the room and went springing up the stairs, three at a time.

In her room overhead she heard heavy thuds, as he changed his shoes for evening pumps. He was whistling a popular dance tune as he ran downstairs and stopped in the doorway. His tuxedo toned down the lines of his figure, which at times looked absurdly like that of a ragged young ostrich.

"Turn in early—old lady," he said gently, as he reached for his hat. His tones were playful, guarded from emotion.

And from the hall door he called back: "Of course, if I do go up there—it won't be for days yet."

Then she heard a quick jump from the porch to the gravel path and a rustle of leafy twigs as he took a short cut through a hole in the hedge . . . .

In the next few minutes Harriet Stanfield had covered and recovered the twenty-one years of Roger's life. Tonight she began even as far back as the marriage of her sister—pretty, proud and headstrong—to Anson Duval. And somehow, whenever she thought of these two, that sentimental old-fashioned picture, *The Storm*, came to her mind; and Philip Duval's anger at his son's irresponsibility was like the cloud of darkness pursuing those flying figures. . . . After that came the infrequent letters, giving glimpses of an endless honeymoon in Southern Europe, and a year in Italy where Anson Duval pottered around studios and squandered the remnants of his mother's fortune on his young wife, who was also his co-partner in mad thirst for beauty and brimming life . . . . At this point Harriet Stanfield's mind leaped to the railroad accident in Egypt—the sharp, blind snatching away of that unreckoning pair—and the arrival of Roger Stanfield Duval, their baby, in her home. He had been brought across the world to her by a fellow artist of his father, who had reached his last farthing in accomplishing the dying request of another roving idealist.

Soon after his son's marriage and flight, old Philip Duval, enraged at the thwarting of his long-cherished plans by that whimsical madcap, had barred up the windows of the stone house and departed from Haverton. No one knew whence, but rumor said Russia; yet this probably had its source in the plushy brain of some romantic villager, who preferred a dark picturesquely background for the escapades of a picturesque family . . . . Twenty-three years later Philip Duval, gray and wrinkled, had returned as silently and inexplicably as he had gone. Then he had sent for Roger and claimed him, with that ingrowing selfishness characteristic of so many generations of Duvals.

**M**ISS STANFIELD took the poker and pulled over a half-burned log. She leaned back in her chair; then, on sudden thought, rose and started for her room. She would not let her mind dwell too long on anything except bare, unavoidable facts. And fireplaces breed dreams, and dreams breed emotion. She had faced pain before and with more strength—perhaps she was getting old. What Roger had meant in her life was not the question; neither was it important what the end of this giving of her best would mean, this subtle molding of young life. Thus far it was well done. The first strong lines were there—but the little pointed edges that break when touched by rough, unknowing hands? A little more time—if she could keep him—just one year, perhaps.

She went up the stairs quickly, leaving the hall light until Roger came.

[Continued on page 30]

Coming—"The Untold Story"—the fifth of this striking series

# DAUGHTER OF NORMANDY

By Sarah Bernhardt

Translated by Rose Wilder Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

**M**ON DIEU! It is the devil to be a woman!" exclaimed Vivette Lanvalley under her breath. "Is it not enough to climb stairs, that one must climb them on stilts?" Panting, she leaned on the balustrade below that of M. Berger's office, and looked down at the three-inch heel of the pretty slipper, tilted sideways for inspection. The heel was worn to a dangerous slant and there was a hole in the center of the sole; but the rhinestone buckle still glittered saucily, and the slim ankle above it deserved all that had been said in its praise. Vivette's dark small face lighted with impish delight.

Taking a mirror from her vanity bag, she improved the moment of rest by looking closely at that face. The tan powder did not entirely conceal heavy shadows beneath the long brown-green eyes, in which the flame of youth was not yet buried under ashes of weariness. The little tipped nose still challenged fate; and the lips, caught drooping again, curled at once into the imitable Vivette smile that seemed to ripple in waves of merriment to the very edge of her clustering curls, and set them dancing.

"Luck is always just around the corner," she thought, dabbing a little more orange-tinted rouge on cheeks and ear-lobes. "One breakfasts on courage and dines on lobster!"

M. Berger's outer office was empty, save for a bored and languid youth with a cigarette over his ear, who guarded the theatrical manager's inner door, and a plump, blond young woman who stood before him arguing vehemently. She turned, saw Vivette and rushed to embrace her.

**V**ISETTE!" she cried, while they kissed each other on both cheeks. "What luck! But what are you doing here? Are you not rehearsing?"

"And you, Gabrielle?" Vivette responded as affectionately. "Where are you this season?"

"I am considering a splendid offer, my dear, a star part—at the Théâtre Parisien." Gabrielle answered, giving the stab deftly. For these two actresses had hated each other since the time, two years earlier, when Vivette, capricious and adored sweetheart of Bultier, the owner-manager of the Théâtre Parisien, had revenged herself for an insult by refusing Gabrielle a part in that theater. "This very instant," Gabrielle continued, "I am here to keep an appointment with my old friend M. Berger. Alas, I'm so late for it that—ah?" She turned, unable to hide her eagerness, as the bored youth came out of M. Berger's inner office.

"He'll see you for five minutes," he announced.

"She's the last of 'em," the boy growled at Vivette, when the inner door had closed upon Gabrielle. "Berger won't see no more today. He's filled all his parts, anyhow. There's no use hanging around."

"Cheer up, little one!" Vivette told him gaily. "It's not your funeral, and I'm no corpse. Lift up your eyes to the property-moon and smile! There's three acts and a happy ending yet to come!"

She hunched about her throat the provocative cloak that swathed her from slim curves of silk-stockinged legs to pointed chin—and seemed to be her sole garment. With a punch of her fist, she settled the jaunty, black velvet hat closer on her short black curls, and went down the stairs again, humming a fragment of boulevard song.

"All is not lost," she said to herself. "Since I no longer have bread, I can eat my ring."

The handsome diamond on her finger was all that remained of her days of luxury—those days that she recalled with as much of an ache as her wayward heart ever felt. She had had an apartment then—"My dear, an apartment of a richness!" She had worn silks, sables, real pearls on her little round throat, real diamonds in the heels of her tiny dancing "poppers. She had been the star of the Théâtre

present. And in the present there was nothing but hunger, the endless tramping up and down managers' stairs, and the diamond ring that, caught from the dressing-table in a bit of lace, had been carried off by accident and ever since worn on her finger.

"I bring you a stone today, Père Petit!" she announced gaily to the withered old man in the little nondescript shop in the Rue Duperre. "Voyez, I ask you for bread and I give you a stone! But no, not bread. Pâté de foie gras and lobster, *biftek* and champagne, yes? And music—Oh, la la! —and dancing! All in that one small white glister in your hand. Is it not so?"

The old man, screwing the jeweler's glass in his eye, held the ring close to the electric bulb that made a patch of strong light in the musty dimness of the shop. After a moment he regarded her, his toothless mouth drawn in quizzically. "Always you will have your joke, little one. But, speaking with seriousness, you know that this stone is paste?"

Vivette's long eyes, suddenly wide open, became almost round. "But, Père Petit! You speak honestly? It is truly paste?"

The old man nodded gravely. "Without doubt, little one. Nothing but that."

"*Mon Dieu!*" For a moment one little fist clutched the muffling collar of her cloak. Then she began to laugh. "It is a curtain call for Bultier! What a man! *Eh bien!* How much, *mon cher papa?*"

Père Petit, not without enjoyment, began the battle. Though scrupulously honest, he knew little pleasure but that of bargaining. He screwed up his lips, narrowed the wrinkled lids across his shrewd eyes, reflected for a moment and said, "Five francs."

Vivette, like a ruffled small bird, advanced to attack. "Sacred skies! Did I hear you say ten? It is too little. Ten francs for a glittering lie that will deceive a trusting woman? Ten francs? No, no!"

Père Petit's dramatic gesture of laying down the ring was somewhat spoiled by the breezy entrance of a tall young man in the newest of tan overcoats, carrying the sprightliest of canes.

"*Bon jour, monsieur!*" he cried gaily from the threshold. "Behold, the little difficulty of which you know being happily of the past, I come to redeem my—" He stopped, struck by the vision of Vivette, glowing in the small dusky place like a garnet in one of Père Petit's dusty boxes. "Pardon, mademoiselle!"

"Indeed, monsieur, my felicitations!" she responded. "Ah, that is the kind of a past to have! A friendly past, that carried all one's little difficulties!"

"For that," he replied gallantly, "it is necessary to be old enough to have a past."

"*Poseur!*" Vivette thought, tilting up her chin, shaking her curly about her sparkling face.

"What a fake, this handsome young man! But he is of the profession."

The young man's recognition was as immediate. "Is it possible, I have the honor of speaking to Mademoiselle Vivette?" His mustache brushed her extended hand. He straightened proudly. "I am Pierre Dortenne."

"But, monsieur, the honor is mine!" she cried at once; thinking, "Who the devil is Pierre Dortenne? However, he comes to redeem something he has pawned; evidently he has a part. And if he has found one for himself, who knows?"

Negligently she replaced the false diamond on her finger, while Père Petit, with much searching among the débris that cluttered his shelves, found and returned to the young man a heavy old watch. Pierre Dortenne turned to her. "Perhaps, mademoiselle, you would consent to have an aperitif with me?"

"With the greatest pleasure, monsieur. We are fellow artists, is it not so?"

The stars were twinkling through the bare branches of the trees, and here and there along the boulevards the lights began



THE OLD MAN HELD THE RING CLOSE TO THE ELECTRIC BULB... "ALWAYS YOU WILL HAVE YOUR JOKE, LITTLE ONE. BUT, SPEAKING WITH SERIOUSNESS, DO YOU KNOW THAT THIS STONE IS PASTE?" VIVETTE'S LONG EYES BECAME ALMOST ROUND

the play and cost Bultier hundreds of thousands of francs.

True, the play would have slandered the Marquis de Barsan. Had she done it for love of the Marquis? the furious Bultier had demanded when he learned the truth. And, exasperated by Bultier's anger, she had stamped her small foot, shaken back her tumbling curls, and cried: "Love? I love no one. Have I ever said I loved you? Go! I am tired of you. You are bald-headed. You are stupid. You are fat—fat—fat!"

It was that word that he never forgave her.

**N**O T that she had ever asked to be forgiven. She had flung into a bag, heedlessly, pell-mell, a few things that were nearest to her hand. She had stripped the rings from her fingers, from her ears; she had gone out and slammed the door, and she had never gone back. Her days of stardom were over; the bills she had left behind, troubled only her creditors. Life went past her as water flows past a swift, silver trout; there was no past, no future, only the

to sparkle. The breeze that flowed down the sides of Montmartre was damp and chill; Vivette drew the thin cloak closer around her. Already it was late in the season. If she did not find a part soon, she would face the Paris winter unsheltered.

"—not, of course, all that I would ask of a part," Pierre Dortenne was saying carelessly. "Still, there are possibilities in it, and it isn't such a bad play. Charpentier's 'Daughter of Normandy' it is. With a few changes I shall make in rehearsals—"

"Someone was suggesting that I might like a part in it myself," Vivette said, and then, suddenly, her enchanting eyes opened wide. "You know," she said, leaning across the table, "I come from Normandy. That's where I was a happy little girl. Normandy I ran away from. Why shouldn't I run back by way of a good little part, M. Dortenne? But no, there are so many offers." Her shoulders knew the trick of an adorable shrug. "I used to know Charpentier slightly. When I was starring at the Théâtre Parisien he begged to come to rehearsals. The Marquis de Barsan introduced him to me at a soirée in the old de Barsan town house. I must look him up."

Pierre Dortenne's black eyes warmed. He was flattered to be seen in the company of this charming and beautiful actress. He was entranced by the sparks of light that flashed in the eyes, half-concealed by tangled, thick lashes; by the curls that clustered over the small ears; by the Vivette smile that waited on his words and answered his wit. He leaned closer above the little table that held their glasses.

"Mademoiselle, I beg you—I would be the happiest man in Paris if you were playing opposite me. The part of Rose-Marie is not yet cast. With Charpentier I need only say the word. You would be divine as Rose-Marie!"

Vivette tilted up her chin, shook her curls about her sparkling face and said, "Really?"

When they parted an hour later she had promised to take part, and Pierre had engaged upon his honor as a man, an actor, and an ardent, hopeful admirer, to get it for her. "I would perhaps prefer to have him ask me to dinner," she thought, smiling upon him as he kissed her hand through the door of the taxi into which he had put her. "Eh bien, being already hungry, I am fed aperitifs to make me an appetite."

She directed the driver to take her to Père Petit's with all haste; and, falling breathless upon the old man who was in the act of pulling down the shutters for the night, she cried, "Give me one franc, twenty centimes! Quickly, quickly! Can you not see that even now the taxi-meter is making it one franc thirty?"

She resumed the interrupted bargaining under a disadvantage, and the encounter ended in a bare finger and a purse richer by only nine francs seventy. All along the streets the iron shutters hid shop-windows behind an expanse of gray; the wind moaned in the tree-tops. Only the cafés invited with lights and music. As Vivette made her way down the Boulevard des Italiens considering where she could best spend nine francs for warmth and mirth, she caught a glimpse of Gabrielle Martin in the shadowed interior of a taxi. An arm in a tan sleeve lay about Gabrielle's shoulders, and, the taxi being caught for a moment in a traffic jam, the man leaned forward to look out. He was Pierre Dortenne.

**W**HAT would you, species of an imbecile!" Vivette said violently to herself, winking away the tears that suddenly appeared on her lashes. "Dance, dance, laugh! What else is there to do? Fate pulls the strings." She crossed the sidewalk, and without further reflection plunged into the Café Napolitain, where from some of the tables a shout of welcome was sure to be raised.

In the taxi, Pierre Dortenne was struggling among the coils of a thoroughly masculine predicament and entangling himself more hopelessly with every move. "But, dearest Gabrielle," he protested, in tones of injured innocence—"did I promise you to do more than my utmost? But certainly, certainly, you shall have the part of Rose-Marie! Only have confidence—"

"But, Pierre, Berger said—"

"But, name of Heaven! Why did you go to see him? Couldn't you wait—"

"Wait! Haven't I been waiting six weeks? You told me—"

"I told you I would speak to Charpentier. As to Berger, I—"

"You told me you had spoken to Charpentier, and that he would see Berger this morning, and that I—"

Pierre clasped his forehead with a desperate hand. "How do I know what I told you? You twist my words into other meanings on my very tongue. I did speak to Charpentier, but—Gabrielle, my love, can't you understand that these are delicate affairs to arrange? One must be diplomatic. Now listen carefully and I will explain. Berger is the manager. Charpentier is the author. I am the leading man. Now, if I ask Charpentier to ask Berger to give you the part of Rose-Marie—can't you see that there are innumerable complications of personal feeling, of influence, of—er—diplomacy—?"

"So you haven't asked Charpentier yet?" she nagged.

"What a woman! Well—no I haven't if you want to know!" said Pierre savagely.

There was silence in the taxi. Then Gabrielle's hand crept into Pierre's and Gabrielle's cheek cuddled against his shoulder. "I'm sorry I was cross," she murmured, in the soft baby-voice that had enchanted him. "Please don't be mad with me. I don't really care about the part; I only care about you."

"Well, then don't nag me so," he said, the tone relenting more than the words. "You shall have the part, dearest. I'll speak to Charpentier the very next time I see him."

They saw him two minutes after they had entered the theater to which, as members of the profession, they had passes. Charpentier was sitting with his wife, Georgina Lamartine, the successful actress, in a loge opposite theirs. With him was the famous playwright, Robert d'Ormane, and his charming wife, Arlette, Georgina's sister. Pierre's recovered complacency dropped from him when he saw them; he struggled for composure as he felt Charpentier's gaze idly moving along the boxes toward the one in which he sat with Gabrielle. But Charpentier bowed pleasantly. Pierre eagerly returned the salute, and his spirits would have soared like a released balloon at this public recognition had not Gabrielle's silent expectancy tugged at them.

"Of course one can hardly talk business matters—" he began feebly, as the curtain fell for the entr'acte.

"It makes it so much easier, meeting him by chance this way," Gabrielle smiled, inexorable. "And with me here, too.

Isn't it fortunate? Go now, dear; I'm sure they're expecting you."

A caller was already entering the box to speak to Gabrielle, and Pierre bowed himself out, feeling like a criminal going to meet his sentence. He knew Charpentier only slightly, he had got his own part by the most difficult maneuvering, and he was eager to ingratiate himself with the author. As for Georgina Lamartine and Arlette d'Ormane, though he spoke of them as acquaintances, he had never met them. Going to their box was impossible. Behind him Gabrielle waited. He plunged miserably into the stream of men and women promenading behind the boxes, his hands clenched, his eyes harassed.

"Ah, M. Charpentier!" he cried in relief, as he almost collided with the author, who was standing alone at the edge of the throng. He realized instantly that he should not have been first to speak, but the cordiality of Charpentier's greeting was like a reprieve, and as Pierre accepted a cigarette from the writer's silver box he glanced about, hoping to be seen by acquaintances, and seeking in his mind for words that would please and impress.

"Rotten play, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?" said Charpentier, surprised. "I thought the situation not bad, and the dialogue very clever."

## Next Month—a New Serial



## The Lark

**T**HIS is Teresa—the Lark. The Sisters of Charity at the Convent of El Monte, near Havana, found her, an abandoned baby, outside their window. From that day until she was sixteen, she lived shut away from the world. She was happy as she sang at vespers, her young voice soaring like a bird against the arches of the chapel. Because of that voice, the sisters called her the Lark.

The world, years after, acclaimed that voice. But life swooped down upon her long before then. Teresa met the young American, Howard Millard, whose arms snatched her into reality. "The south wind, which the Spanish say makes men mad, drove them out into the dark Cuban night, and showered them with orange blossoms, and the trees made a pale archway against the swirling heavens."

She never saw Howard again until—but you will want to read *The Lark* yourself. Dana Burnet, one of the most brilliant of the younger writers, has written this new novel for McCall's. It is an enthralling story of a girl whose heart hungers for the man she hates. Beginning in the April McCall's.

"Ah, yes," Pierre murmured hastily. "Yes, yes, quite true. But—perhaps a little lacking in—poetic feeling? Now for example," he went on, encouraged by Charpentier's courteous attention—"I was thinking of 'Daughter of Normandy'—those lines—". He fixed his eyes dreamily on the kaleidoscope of silks, satins, furs, jewels, bare flesh, painted eyes, rouged lips, that moved beneath the electric lights in an atmosphere of sophistication, of intrigue, of sensuous perfume and cigarette smoke—and in his eagerness to flatter and to display interest in his work, he quoted:

"Do you remember the dawns we used to know? Have you forgotten the mists curling up from the winding streams, the breath of the orchards, cool and sweet, blown across the meadows? Oh, my dear, tired love, come with me, and we will walk together again by the brook in the old orchard of Normandy."

I SEE your point," said Charpentier, drily. "By the way, the part of Rose-Marie—" He paused to nod to an acquaintance. Pierre breathed hard. "Berger and I discussed it this morning. He will offer it to a very charming little actress. I wonder if you happen to know her? Lanvalley."

"Know Vivette!" cried Pierre. "We were drinking aperitifs together not an hour ago! She's the one woman for the part."

At that moment he saw Gabrielle coming toward them on the arm of an escort, and with the courage of desperation he added, "By the way, I wanted to ask you—an actress

I know—very talented—if there should be a part—a minor part—I am speaking of Gabrielle Martin—"

"No doubt something can be arranged," Charpentier answered, smiling, and Pierre left him hastily. Under the circumstances he did not want to present Gabrielle, and he was annoyed with her because she was responsible for cutting short his moments of being seen with Charpentier.

"It's all right," he told her briefly. "He will do what he can for you—he promised." The bell was ringing for the end of the entr'acte, and he hurried her back to their box.

**A**t midnight Vivette, wild center of a wilder crowd, was standing on the cushioned bench that ran along the wall of a Montmartre café, flinging colored balls, one by one, at laughing, dodging faces. On the table before her, among overturned glasses, empty bottles and cigarette ashes, her upturned hat lay filled with more balls, and showers of them, aimed by unsteady hands, fell about her. A Turkish cap of red paper was perched on her bobbing curls, her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed, and her slim body, in a straight little frock, was lithe as a boy's. The eyes of the crowd were on her; again she was tasting the intoxication of being center of the stage, applauded, adored.

An hour earlier, delighted with her dancing, her high spirits, the joyous excitement she aroused in the place, the proprietor had offered her a job as professional entertainer. Had it come to that? Was her brief star, once so high in the Paris sky, to twinkle palely for a while to please every chance comer, and then to go out in the mire of Montmartre? This was the thought from which she fled, keeping it back with wine, with laughter, piling up behind her defences of madder and madder uproar.

She caught the eye of a newcomer just inside the door. Pierre Dortenne. He was alone. Where was Gabrielle? What did it matter? What did anything matter? She flung a ball that hit him smartly on the nose, leaped over the table and ran to him. The opening bars of American jazz set stale air and pulses beating. "Come on and dance, dance, dance!" she cried, holding out her arms. He seized her, and they swung out among the jostling crowd.

"Well, I've done it!" he said in her ear. "Saw Charpentier tonight." He felt her grow tenser in his arms. "I told him you were the one woman for Rose-Marie. Berger will offer you the part tomorrow."

She stopped so abruptly that he almost stumbled over her; a whirling couple struck her and knocked the absurd cap from her head. "Really?" she said. Her little clenching fingers hurt his arms. And then, "Oh, take me home! He seized her, and they swung out among the jostling crowd.

He got her out of the crowd, down the stairs into the damp, chilly night, and helped her into a taxi. She was quite herself again, and there was a smile beneath his mustache. But from the interior of the taxi she leaned out, stopping him with her arm. "No, no! Please. I'd rather go home alone. Some other time. Oh, you're a dear! I thank you, thank you!" She put her arm around his neck and kissed him. A moment later he was left standing, gazing at the receding back of the taxi. "Can you beat it?" he said to himself, but a satisfied smile lingered on his lips.

In the taxi Vivette, huddled in a heap on the seat, was crying with the abandon of a child, she did not know why. But then she never knew why she did anything, that Vivette; she simply did it. "Life is not reasonable," she would say. "Why should I be?"

**W**HAT can you do with these little waifs of Paris?" Charpentier said to his wife six weeks later. "They come and go like butterflies. They have all the charm, the grace and the pathos of the butterfly, that lives only a day, but lives it in the sunshine. What, I ask myself, what will become of her?"

"Who knows?" Georgina answered, her eyes on the capricious, exasperating and charming Vivette who, on the stage before them, was making the director's afternoon one of torment. "But I would like to know her fate. For I am sure it will not be a future; it will be a fate. What else is there for her? Do you think she loves Dortenne?"

"I don't know. I can't understand it. It is as though she were obliged to be sweet to him. It isn't money—I gave her plenty myself. Yet we owe her a lot, you and I."

"Yes. I shall never forget the day she made Bultier stop that horrible play that would have ruined us all," said Georgina. And Charpentier, under cover of his muff, pressed her hand tenderly, while his eyes said, "That was the day you said you would marry me."

On the stage, the company in their street clothes were rehearsing. Rose-Marie, spoiled favorite at the Court, was listening to the words of her girlhood's sweetheart.

"Do you remember the dawns we used to know? Have you forgotten the mists curling up from the winding streams, the breath of the orchards, cool and sweet, blown across the meadows? Oh, my dear, tired love, come with me, and we will walk together again by the brook in the old orchard of Normandy."

"Well, that's all right. I don't have to kiss him every time, do I?" said Vivette.

"It's your big scene. You've got to get it right," said the director. "Try it again. Now that's better. Now, three steps forward. Remember you've got on your heavy robes and they drag. Face a little front—now, cue, Martin."

Gabrielle Martin, as second lady-in-waiting to Rose-Marie, said sweetly, "Yes, my lady," and walked to a chair that represented the window. Dortenne, as the hero advanced slowly toward Vivette, and they stood looking at each other while the director counted off the seconds on his watch. "Now, Dortenne!"

"Do you remember the dawns we used to know? Have you forgotten the mists curling up from the winding streams, the breath of the orchards, cool and sweet, blown across the meadows? Oh, my dear, tired love, come with me, and we will walk together again by the brook in the old orchard of Normandy."

Vivette had slowly put a hand to her throat. She stood looking at Dortenne, all the mirth and vivacity gone, only a wistful girl left. She went toward him, uncertainly, held back by the weight of her dragging robe and without a word laid her head on his breast.

"Not so fast, Dortenne!" the director ejaculated; and slowly Pierre put his arms about her and bent his head to the pretense of a kiss.

"They're getting it, I think," said Charpentier.

"Yes. But Gabrielle Martin will tear her eyes out if they ever do it off stage," said Georgina. "Now those two hate each other!"

[Continued on page 14]



FOR A LONG TIME HE LOOKED AT HER AS THOUGH IT WERE FOR THE FIRST TIME. IT OCCURRED TO HIM AT LAST THAT THE GAME SHE HAD TO PLAY WAS AS DIFFICULT AS HIS—THAT PERHAPS SHE HAD BEEN MAKING EXCUSES FOR HIM

## DOUBLE BARRIERS

By Bernice Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY LANE McMILLAN

**J**OHN HAVENER managed to reach the end of the field he was plowing, before he climbed stiffly from the seat and examined the defective bit of harness. Seena had cautioned him not to buy it at Lafe Cassady's auction. With heavy, capable fingers she had appraised the straps. "It is no good," she had confided; "bum."

The gentlemen who had gathered for the auction of the late Lafe Cassady's effects, real and personal, were not purists in the matter of diction. Havener knew this. Just the same, he had given a surreptitious glance around and satisfied himself that his wife's remark had not been overheard. Some day, he supposed, he would get over feeling self-conscious about her.

This was one of the days he tried to believe it didn't matter. If one were destined to pass the rest of one's life tilling a hundred and sixty acres of Selby County, Iowa, what did many of the things every Havener had been taught to believe important, amount to? Still, as he made his way back to the tool-shed for a piece of wire, he found himself cutting across the south field; not because, as he attempted to convince himself, it was easier going, but because this way he avoided passing the frouzy tenant's cottage where Jake Smithers, the hired man, and his family lived.

Also he would avoid meeting Seena, at work in the truck garden. There was a special reason why he did not want to meet Seena. The memory of their scene that morning still burned too keenly.

It was a bleak day, heavy with the portent of more rain. If he were to finish the field before sundown he knew he must hurry. But he walked slowly, his eyes fastened on the soggy bit of path that zigzagged across the meadow. He had thought that when spring came, things would be easier to bear. But this day with its steel-gray sky and cheerless east wind—and yesterday and tomorrow—all these days were spring.

At the edge of the field he absently opened a gate which another man at his age would have vaulted. Bounding down the road to meet him came a shepherd dog, his body wriggling with the anticipation of welcome. Havener ignored his noisy entreaties; and the dog, disappointed, wheeled and ran down the path to the truck garden.

There was a distant laugh; then suddenly, from over a low hedge of cedars, a stick came whirling through the air and fell on the path before Havener. Struggling through the moldy leaves that choked the thicket, the dog reappeared to seize the stick between his teeth, and make off.

Suddenly before him, in an opening of the hedge, stood Seena. The smile faded from her lips. "You," she said. She was like a grave child that has been discovered at a boisterous game. For a second they confronted each other, then he looked away from the quick pleading in her eyes. "I—I was yust playin' with Gyp." She was out of breath

and the color still burned under her clear skin. With a little awkward gesture she smoothed back a lock of hair from her forehead. "Somet'ing you wanted? I go fetch him for you."

Havener shook his head. There was a moment of silence.

"The field, you are gettin' along good?" she ventured.

For some curious reason her timidity nettled him. "Oh, well enough, I suppose. It's no blooming boulevard, you know."

**R**EALIZING that this was meant to be funny, she smiled up at him, but he did not see her. Why couldn't he be civil to her, he asked himself savagely? It wasn't her fault that she had the speech and manners of a peasant. Neither was it her fault that he had once loved her—had married her. What a ridiculous, unaccountable thing life was!

Stooping down, she picked up the stick Gyp had laid at her feet. The dog yapped again in anticipation, but she did not seem to hear him. With eyes from which suddenly the youth had departed, she, too, scanned the horizon. "It is going to rain, I tink—like hell."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so. Anyway before morning."

With a pretense of casualness, he whistled to the dog and started on down the path. He knew she was watching him, and there was a look in her eyes he did not care to see.

All that day, as he had tramped beside the newly turned furrow, the conviction had grown on him that things must come to a show-down. The capacity for meanness John Havener had that morning discovered in himself, became intolerable. Most of the time he and Seena had little to say to each other. Seena was of peasant stock, and she accepted his silence as a matter of course. Her man was not a chattering, that was all. That morning, for the first time, there had been harsh words between them.

The shiftless wife of the hired man had bought a second-hand gasoline stove, against the advice of Seena, who distrusted "dem tings" for anyone but a skilled mechanic. Mrs. Jake Smithers was skilled in nothing but the art of misfortune. So Seena took matters into her own hands. As he came in from the morning chores, Havener discovered Seena in the kitchen, bending over a dilapidated stove, adjusting a gasoline valve.

"That your new stove?" he demanded.

She smiled up at him. "Not much. I give the new one to Nellie Smithers. The new one is safe. This one—

"whoof—" she shrugged her shoulders—"she go up one day in smoke."

"You mean to say you've given her your new one and taken in this old fire-trap?" Havener's voice was ominous.

"I fix it," she urged. "But Nellie Smithers is, I tink, a dumb-bell."

"Nellie Smithers is a blithering idiot," Havener exploded. "I should be indebted to anything that smeared her over this handsome landscape."

His rage was absurd and he knew it. All the misery he had choked back for weeks spilled over, and the unwitting Nellie Smithers was the victim. "If you don't take this back and get yours, I will," he blustered.

Seena looked at him with speculative eyes. "It is not dangerous for me," she had protested.

With an angry gesture he seized the iron bar on the side of the stove and dragged it, scraping, across the kitchen floor. Seena's attempt to help, he repulsed. It was an awkward progress he had made toward the Smithers' shack; for a Havener, his behavior was ridiculous. He was ashamed; yet once committed to this line of conduct, his pride would not let him turn back, even though he felt that Seena would not laugh at his inconsistency.

All day in the fields, he had longed to go away, anywhere, just to forget this nightmare for which he himself was responsible. The longing now had become almost a physical ache.

**A**T the corner of the road, fastened to an unpainted post, stood a bright tin cubicle with a tiny red flag. Along the side of the cubicle was painted *Jhn. Havener, R. F. D. 14.* The significance of the red flag had never been clear either to the Haveners or to the postman. Probably the presence of a letter to be collected should be indicated by the banner "at alert;" but since few letters were written in this curious household, it meant the little signal constantly pointed downward. Seena objected to this because she said the flag was "purty."

Beside the post was a great, white block of cement, which also bore the announcement *Jhn. Havener, Esq.* This was the first thing he had noticed on his return from the hospital two months ago, and the ridiculous abbreviation of his name and the appended title had surprised and disgusted him. Seena, however, had been delighted with the naive statement, to all passers-by, that these were the acres of John Havener, Gentleman.

Simply to prolong his absence from the drudgery of harness-mending and not because he expected a letter, he thrust his hand into the aperture of the tin box. To his surprise he drew out an envelop bearing the engraved return address of Richard Barclay, Attorney-at-Law, Tremont Street, Boston.

[Continued on page 39]

# THE BRIMMING CUP

## By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

*Marise's Coming-of-Age. July 23. Dawn*

**E**VEN after the old child, Agnes, had been soothed and reassured till she had fallen asleep, and the house lay profoundly quiet, Marise felt no approach of drowsiness or even of fatigue. She lay down on her bed, but could not close her eyes. They remained wide open, looking, not at a wild confusion of incoherent images as they had the night before, but straight into blackness and vacancy. It was strange

in an immense hush, like the dusky silence in a cathedral aisle, there was something there waiting for her to go and find it. That hush had fallen on her at the sight of Neale's face, at the sound of his voice as he had looked at her and spoken to her, at the last, just before he went back to the children.

The old house, silent under the stars, lay quiet in its vigil about her, but slept no more than she; the old house which had been a part of her childhood and her youth, now watched over her entry into another part of her journey. For as she lay there, wide-awake, watching the light of the candle, she felt that she knew what was waiting for her, what she must go to find. It was her maturity.

She felt the quiet strength come into her like a tide, and folded her arms around her knees and began to think. She set her life fairly there before her, and began to try to understand it. She was afraid of what she might find, but she set forth, and she knew on what staff she leaned. It was Neale's belief that she was strong and not weak.

She must begin at the beginning this time, and go steadily forward, from one step to the next.

The beginning had been . . . had been the going away of little Mark, out of his babyhood into his own child-life. He had gone, and left an empty place behind him—a place which till then had been filled with the care for the physical weakness of babyhood. Into that empty place had come a peremptory call back to personal and physical youth, to excitement and burning sensations; and with that rebirth of physical youth had come a doubt of all that had seemed the recompense for the loss of it—the conception that she might be letting herself be fooled and tricked out of the only real things.

**T**HREE had been many sides to this: her revolt from the mere physical drudgery of her life had been brought home to her that summer in a thousand ways. With every recurrence of this drudgery, came to mind the fact that there were lives so arranged that one did all that and was yet left free to perceive the beauty and delicacy of existence.

She turned her inward eye on Eugenia's life, on the lives of the people in that circle, in a long, searching gaze. Was it deep in eternal values? Was it made up of a constant recurrence of sensitive aliveness to what is most worth responding to? Odd, that it did not seem to be! Did she want to be of those who sat afar off and were served with the fine and delicate food of life, and knew nothing of the unsavory process of preparing it? It had seemed to her this summer, a thousand times, that she did; that she wanted that more than anything else.

She looked full at it, set herself there in her imagination, in the remote ivory tower, and looked out from its carven windows at the rough world where she had lived and worked, and from which she would henceforth be protected—and shut out. She looked long, and listened to the deepest of the voices in her heart.

And she knew that it was too late for that. She could not blot out what life had brought to her. She could never, now, with a tranquil heart, go into the ivory tower. No, she had grown into something which could not endure that!

Restless, feeling no bodily fatigue at all, Marise got out of bed, took up the candle and stepped aimlessly out into the hall. The old clock at the other end struck a muffled stroke. She held up her candle to look at it: half-past two in the morning. A long time till dawn.

She hesitated a moment and turned toward the door of a garret room. She had not been in there for so long—years perhaps. Near the door there had been an old, flat-topped, hair-covered trunk. Yes, here it was,

just as it had been. Nothing ever changed here. She sat down on it, the candle on the floor beside her—and saw herself as a little girl, playing among the old things.

A little girl! And now she was the mother of a little girl. Her heart ached in an old bitterness. Did her children—could they—give her the love she wanted from them in answer to her gift of her life to them? They were already beginning to go away from her.

She sat there on the old trunk and saw the endless procession of parents and children passing before her, the

distillation of the innumerable past hours when they had looked at her with love and trust.

At the sight of them, her heart swelled and opened wide to a conception of something greater and deeper in motherhood than she had had—something she *could* have, if she could deserve it—something so wide and sun-flooded, that the old selfish, possessive, never-satisfied ache which had called itself love, withered away.

She had no words for this. She could not even try to understand it. It was as solemn a birth-hour to her as the hour when she had first heard the cry of her new-born baby.

She was one mother then; she had become another mother now. She turned to bless the torment of bitter, doubting questioning which had forced her forward, blindly struggling, till she found this divination of a greater possibility.

She felt tired now, as she had after the other travail which had given her her children, and she leaned her head on her hand.

It had been sweet to be a little girl, she thought wistfully, to know the shining present of every day, with no ominous, difficult future beyond it. She remembered the rainy day she had played paper-dolls here once, with little Margaret Congdon—dead, years ago, that playmate of past summer days—and how they had taken the old chest for the house for Margaret's dolls and the hair-trunk where she sat, for hers; and how the aromatic woodsy smell of the unfinished old room and the drone of the rain on the roof, had been a part of their deep content.

**N**OTHING had changed in that room, except the woman who sat there. She got up with a sudden impulse and threw back the lid of the trunk. A faint, musty odor rose from it. And—why, there it was, the doll's room, just as they had left it, how long ago! How like this house! How like Cousin Hetty, never to have touched it.

She sat down on the floor and, lifting the candle, looked in at the yellowed old playthings that had seemed so enchanting to her then. A homesickness for the past came over her. It was not only Margaret who was dead. The other little girl who had played there, who had hung so lovingly over this creation of her fancy, was dead too.

And then the honest, unsparing habit of her life with Neale shook her roughly. This was sentimentalizing. If she could, *would* she give up what she had now and go back to being the little girl, satisfied with makeshift toys, foreshadowings of what was to come? No, no, she had gone on, and left this behind. Nor would she, if she could, exchange the darker, heavier, richer gifts for the bright trinkets of the past.

All this ran through her mind with a swiftness and clarity which seemed as shallow as it was rapid; but now there sounded in her ears a warning roar of deeper waters to which this was carrying her. She felt herself helplessly swept out and flung to the fury of the waves; and she met them with an answering tumult of welcome. That was what Vincent Marsh could do for her, wanted to do for her—that wonderful, miraculous thing—give back to her something she had thought she had left behind forever; he could take her in the strength of her maturity, with all the richness of growth, and carry her back to live over again the fierce intensity of newly-born passion. He could lift her from the dulled routine of life, beginning to fade and lose its colors, and carry her back to the glorious forgetfulness of every created thing save one man and one woman.

He seemed to lean over her now, his burning, quivering hand on hers. She felt a deep, hot flush rise to her face; all over her body. She was like a crimson rose, offering the splendor of its maturity to be plucked. Let her have the courage to know that its end and aim and fulfillment lay in being plucked and gloriously worn before the coming of the inevitable end! Thus, and thus only, could one find certainty, before death came, of having lived as deeply as lay in one to live.

She felt, with no apparent volition of her own, something within her stirred to watchfulness and suspicion. It was the habit of honesty of thought, not native to Marise's heart, but planted there by her relations with Neale—stark, plain honesty. She could no more stop its advance now than she could stop the beating of her heart.



WITH A SUDDEN IMPULSE, SHE THREW BACK THE LID OF THE TRUNK AND LOOKED IN AT THE YELLOWED PLAYTHINGS . . . A HOMESICKNESS FOR THE PAST CAME OVER HER

If this struggle with it had come years before, she could have mastered it, flinging against it the irresistible suppleness and lightness of ignorant youth. But now, freighted heavily with experience of reality, she could not turn and escape it. It had profited too well by all those honest years with Neale—never to have been weakened by a falsehood between them, by a shade of pretense. That habit held her mercilessly to see what was there now. Was it really growth and freedom and expansion of the soul that Vincent Marsh could give? Marise felt her arms fall to her side, piteous and defenseless. No, it was not.

She made the admission. It was physical excitement—that was what it was. Physical excitement—that was what Vincent Marsh could give her, which Neale no longer could—and great ease of life, which Neale never would. There was a pause in which she shivered, humiliated.

At what a diminished pile she had now to look, tarnished and faded. She felt robbed, and cried out in a pain which seemed to her to come from her very heart, that something living and vital and precious to her had been killed by that rough handling. But one warning look from the clear eyes of honesty forced her to give up even this. If it had been living and precious and vital to her, there was no handling it would not have survived.

But something had survived, something to be reckoned with, something which no honesty could put out of her life: the possibility for being carried away in the deep, full current of passion, fed by all the multitudinous streams of ripened personality. If that was all that was left, was not that enough? She closed her eyes and sat, rapt in the prodigious effort of her imagination and will. How would it be?

She plunged the plummet down, past the fury of the storm on the surface, past the teeming life of the senses, below, down to the depths of consciousness. . . . And what she brought up was a warning distaste; something offending to her, to all of her, now she was aware of it.

She was amazed. Why should she taste a muddy flavor of dregs in that offered cup of heavy aromatic wine—she who had all her life thanked Heaven for her freedom from the ignominy of feeling it debasing to be a woman who loved?

It was glorious to be a woman—to be a woman who loved. There had been no dregs left from those sweet, light, heady drafts she and Neale had drunk together in their youth, nor in the quieter, satisfying drafts they knew now. . . . Why should she have this unmistakable prescience of something stale and tainting which she had never felt? Was she too old for passion? But she was in the height of her physical flowering and she cried out for it. Could it be that, having spent the heritage of youth, she could not have it again? Could it be that one could not go back there? . . .

**N**OW for the great trial of strength. . . . Let her stand alone with her own self, and with honesty ask the question: Would she, if she could, give up what her life was now, with its myriads of roots, deep-set in the soil of life, for the one red rose, splendid though it might be?

No, no, she had gone on, on beyond that. To be herself was not to go back, now that she knew what a self she had. It seemed to her that never before had she stood up straight.

And in plain fact, she found that somehow she had risen to her feet and was now standing, her head up, almost touching the rafters of the slant ceiling. She could have laughed out to feel herself so free.

She spread out her arms in a great gesture of liberation. How had she ever lived before under the shadow of that coward fear? This . . . this was what Neale had been trying to do for her, all these years, unconsciously, not able to tell her what it was, driving at the mark only with the inarticulate wisdom of his love for her, his divination of her need.

She had wished to make the use of his strength, which would have weakened her. Had there ever before been any man who had refused to let the woman he loved weaken herself by the use of his strength? Had she thought that Neale was nothing more to her because he had become so all in all to her that he penetrated all her life, that she did not live an instant alone?

Neale had opened the door so that she could go away from him if that was what she needed, or go back to stand by his side; and through the open door had come the flood of daylight which had shown her that she could not go back to stand by his side, because she had been there all the time; had never left it—never could leave.

The old clock in the hall behind her sounded four muffled strokes; and as if it had weakened her, Agnes stirred in her bed and cried out in a loud, frightened voice: "Oh, come quick, Miss Marise!"

Marise went through the hall and to her door, and saw the frightened old eyes glaring over the pulled-up sheet: "Oh, oh, it's you—I thought—don't you see anything in that corner—didn't you hear—?"

"There, it's all right, Agnes," said Marise, soothingly, stepping into the room. "The big clock just struck four. That probably wakened you." What a pitiable creature Agnes' dependence on Cousin Hetty had made of her. . . . "That is what I wanted Neale to make of me," came the thought; "but he would not."

"What time did you say it is?" Agnes asked.

"Four o'clock," answered Marise, gently, as to a child. "It must be almost light outside. The last night is over, now."

She went to the window and opened the shutter. The ineffable, sacred pureness of another dawn came in, gray and tranquil and penetrating. At the sight of it, the dear light of every day, Marise felt the thankfulness come to her eyes.

"See, Agnes," she said, in an unsteady voice, "it's light now; you can look around for yourself and see that there is nothing to be afraid of."

#### A Torch in a Living Tree July 25

**N**OT since his fiery, ungovernable youth, had Vincent felt anything like the surge of desire and exultant certainty which sent him forward at a bound along the wood-road into which he had seen Marise turn off. The moment for which he had been watching had come at last, after these three hideous days of sudden arrest and pause,

when the inaction had been a sensation physically intolerable to him, as though he had been frozen immobile with every nerve and muscle strained for a great leap.

He felt himself taking it now, with such a triumphant sense of power released, that he came up beside her like a wind in the forest, calling her name loudly, his hands outflung, his face glowing—on fire with joy and his need for her.

He was an instant dumbfounded by the quiet, gentle face she turned on him; by his instant perception of a profound change in her; by an expression in her long, dark eyes which was new to him, which he felt to be ominous for him; but he was no untried boy to be cast down or disconcerted by sudden alterations of mood. He was a man, with a man's tenacity of purpose and quickness of resource. He wasted no time. "What has happened to you?" he demanded, peremptorily, as by right to know, and with the inner certainty of overriding it, whatever it was.

She did not tacitly, or otherwise, deny his right to know; but she seemed to have no words for it, continuing to look at him silently, with a sort of steady, wondering attention in her face, usually so sensitively changing. He felt a resentment at its quiet, at its lack of that instant responsiveness to his look, which had given him such moments of exquisite pleasure. The will to conquer rose high and strong in him, with an element of fierceness it had not had before. He took a step toward her, towering above her, his hands on her shoulders, pouring out with a hot sense of release all his longing, into the cry: "Marise, Marise, my own, what has happened to you?"

How he hated the quiet of her face! With what angry, hungry impatience he watched to see it break up.

From the last time he had seen her, helplessly responsive, helplessly played on by his voice, he had the certainty of his power to kindle her. But it was as though he had held his torch aloft into the green branches of a living tree. And when she spoke, as she did at once, the sound of her voice was strange and alien to him. She said, earnestly, "I don't believe I can tell you what has happened. I don't believe you could understand it."

He did not believe a word of this, but with a brilliant suppleness of mind, he perceived that he was in the wrong key. She was not, for the moment, to be kindled—she, who was miraculously never the same. Perhaps it was the moment for a thrust of sheer power straight at the obstacle. "I know what has happened," he said. "Your husband has made a scene and overborne you, and is trying to force you back into the hen-yard of domestic virtue."

He changed his manner, saying in a low, penetrating tone, his eyes on hers: "But you can never do that now. You would only . . ."

He was brought up short by the vividness of the impression he received from her. This time his words had had the power to move her face from the quiet he hated. It was suddenly alive with a strong emotion. But what emotion? He could not guess at its meaning. She stepped away, shaking his hands from her shoulders and looking at him, her eyebrows drawn up as if in pain. He hung uncertain, feeling, for the first time, an instantly passing doubt of his mastery of her.

She said very quickly: "No, oh no! Neale has done nothing—said nothing—except as he always has, to leave me quite free, all free."

He was silent for a moment, not especially moved by her words, but alarmed by some special significance they seemed to have for her. She went on, with the single note of reproach which was to come into her voice: "Oh, how could you think that?" She said it with a deep, quavering disappointment, as though she were ashamed of him.

He flung his head back impatiently. "If it is not that, what is it—a return of hidebound scruples about the children? You know that they must live their own lives, not yours; that anything that gives you greater richness and power makes you a better mother!"

"Oh, yes, I know that!" she said. "I have thought of that myself."

But he had a baffled feeling that this was not the admission the words would make it seem. His impatience began to burn high, translating itself into anger. He would not be played with by any woman who ever lived! "Marise," he said roughly, "what is it?"

In his tone was all his contemptuous dismissal of whatever it might be—outworn moral qualms, fear of the world's opinion, inertia, cowardice, scruples, or some morbid physical revulsion. . . . There was not one of them he could not instantly pounce on and shake to rags.

Marise stood very still, her eyes bent downward. "Aren't you going to answer me?" he said, furious. She nodded. "Yes, I'm going to answer you."

He understood that he must wait, and stood close to her, looking at her, all the strength of his passion in that avid gaze.

She was stamped on his mind in every detail as she looked at that instant—infinitely desirable, infinitely alluring, in her thin white dress; her full, supple woman's body erect and firm with a strong life of its own; her long, sensitive hands clasped before her—how many times in his dreams had he held them in his—her shining, dark hair bound smoothly about her head and down low on each side of her rounded forehead. Her thick, white eyelids were lowered over her eyes, and her mouth with its full lips and deep corners . . . at the sight of her mouth, on which in fancy he had so many times laid his own lips burningly, Vincent felt a barrier within him give way. . . . Here he was at last with the woman he loved, the woman who was going to give herself to him. . . . Good God! All these words—what did they mean? Nothing! He swept her into his arms and drew her face to his, his eyes closed, lost in the wonder and ecstasy of having reached his goal at last.

**S**HE did not make the startled, virginal resistance of a girl. She drew away from him quietly . . . the hatred for that quiet was murderous in him at the sight . . . and shook her head, almost gently, and said: "No, Vincent."

How dared she speak gently to him! As though he were a boy who had made a mistake. How dared she be not stirred and mastered! He felt his head burning hot with anger, his face suffused.

And hers was not—was quiet. He wanted to hurt her at once, deeply, to pierce her and sting her back to life. "Do you mean," he said brutally, "that you find after all that you are a cold, narrow, provincial woman—stunted by your life as it naturally would stunt you, so that you are incapable of feeling a generous heat?"

As she remained silent, looking at him intently with an expression he did not understand, he went on, vindictively snatching up the sharpest and cruellest weapon he could conceive of to drive home his thrust: "Perhaps you find you are too old?"

At this she looked away from him for an instant, up to the lower branches of the pine under which they stood. She seemed to reflect, and when she brought her eyes back to his, she answered: "Yes, I think that is it. I find I am too old."

He was for years to ponder on the strangeness of the accent with which she said this, without regret, with that damnable gentleness, as though to hide from him a truth he might find hard to bear. How could any woman say: "I find I am too old," with that unregretting accent? What



VINCENT SWEPT HER INTO HIS ARMS AND DREW HER FACE TO HIS . . . LOST IN THE ECSTASY OF HAVING REACHED HIS GOAL AT LAST . . . SHE DID NOT MAKE THE STARTLED, VIRGINAL RESISTANCE OF A GIRL . . .

was there left for a woman when she grew old? But how preposterous, her saying that—she who stood there in the absolute perfection of her bloom!

He found that he did not know what to say next. It was as though he had put all his force into a blow that would stun and had somehow missed his aim. He recovered himself and looked at her, choking. "Do you mean?" he began, and could go no further.

She nodded, her eyes on his, with that singular expression in them which he did not understand, and which he intensely resented.

He was so angry that he could not, for a moment, speak. He was aware of nothing but anger. "It's impotence and weakness on your part, that's all it is." He hated her furiously as he spoke. "No matter what fine words *you've* decided to call it to cloak your own feebleness, it's the littleness of the vital spark in you. It's being weak, traditional-minded, instead of the splendid, brave, living woman I took you for and thought I loved. I am glad to leave you behind—to have no more of you in my life."

She made no answer, not a word. His flaming eyes fell away from her face. He turned from her abruptly and walked rapidly away, not looking back.

Then, he found that he had ceased to advance rapidly, had stopped and was standing still, wrung in so dreadful a pain that his hand was at his side, as though he had been stabbed. With no thought, with no awareness of what he was doing, he ran back to her, his hands outstretched, suffering so that he must have help. He did not mean to speak, did not know what he was to say. . . . He cried out to her, "Marise, Marise—I love you! What can I do?"

The cry was desperate, involuntary, forcing its way out from unfathomed depths of feeling, below all his anger and resentment, and tearing him to pieces as it came. It was as though he had taken his heart out and flung it at her feet.

Her face changed instantly and was quivering slightly, with a pale and guilty agitation. "No—oh no, Vincent. I thought it only—I had thought you could not really—Vincent, forgive me—forgive me. . . ." She took one of his hands in both of hers—the last unforgetting touch he was to have of her.

It came to him through those words which he did not understand, that she was pitying him and, stung to the quick, he drew back from her, frowning, with an angry toss of his head.

Instantly she drew back, also, as though she had misinterpreted something. He stood for an instant, looking full at her, as though he did not see her, and then with a great gesture of bewilderment—strange from him—he passed her without a look. This time he did not turn back, but continued steadily and resolutely on his way.

#### *The Fall of the Big Pine*

August 2d

WHEN Marise reached the place on the wood-road where she had had that last talk with Vincent Marsh, she stopped, postponing for a moment the errand to the Powers' which she had so eagerly undertaken. She stood there, looking up into the far, green tops of the pines, seeing again that strange, angry, bewildered gesture with which he had turned away. It remained with her constantly, as the symbol of what had happened.

Then, very quickly, she saw again that swift and passing aspect of his which had so horribly frightened her, with the fear that it might be real suffering he was feeling, that she might really have hurt another human being. She sat down abruptly on a tree trunk, her knees trembling, her hands cold.

Strange, how unmoved he had left her that day, until that moment. Strange the impression of him, that first time after she had known herself strong enough to stand up and be herself. How instantly he had felt that; how passionate had been his resentment of it—her being a grown woman, a human being, not a flower to be plucked.

How strange an experience for her, altogether, to be able to stand firm against noise and urgent clamor and confusion; to see, back of the powerful, magnetic personality, the undeveloped and tyrannical soul, the mind without conception of breadth and freedom in the relations between human beings.

What had happened to her, that she had this new steadfastness? She had told Vincent he could not understand it. Did she understand it herself? She leaned her chin on her two hands, looking deep into the green recesses of the forest.

Yes, she knew what had happened to her. She had grown up. Why should not a woman grow up to other valuations of things, as well as her comrade in life? It had happened to her as it did to the child, because someone stronger than she, had protected her while she was growing. Neale had done it.

But Vincent had not grown up—was still holding desperately, with all that terrific strength of his, to what could not be held, to what was impermanent and passing in its nature. Why should he do that? Then she saw why: it was because Vincent conceived of nothing but emptiness if he let it go, and horribly feared that imaginary emptiness.

That, perhaps, had been the meaning of that singular last moment of their talk together, which had frightened her so, with its sudden plunge below the surface, into the real depths when, changed wholly into someone else, he had run back to her, his hands outstretched, his eyes frightened, his lips trembling—perhaps he had felt the abyss there just before him.

She had been so shocked and moved by pity that she would have been capable at that moment of any folly to comfort him. Perhaps she had seen there, for an instant, the man Vincent might have been, and had seen that she could have loved that man.

He had not suffered that instant of true feeling to have space to live, but had burned it up with the return of his resentment, with the return of the devouring desire-for-possession of the man who had always possessed everything he had coveted. She wondered why there should slide into her mood, just now, a faint tinge of regret.

She had forgotten. She had been trying to understand what had been happening that summer. Let her try first to understand what she must do in the dilemma in which she had been placed by that strange sight of Gene Powers, fleeing back from the Eagle Rocks. But not today. Today she was only the bearer of good tidings to Nelly and Gene.

She stood up and moved forward along the path, changing the thick envelop from one hand to the other. She had already lost time. She became aware now that for some time she had heard a distant sound, a faint toc-toe-toe, like the sound of chopping. Nobody could be felling trees in the

height of the farming season, and on this day of swooning heat. But as she came to the edge of the woods, she perceived that it came from the open farming land beyond the Powers' house. But there were no woods there, only the Powers' big pine which towered up, darkly glorious, into the shimmering summer haze.

Could it be that? What a sacrifice! And to a foolish whim of Nelly's. The old pine was one of the most splendid things in the valley. And it was something vital in Gene's strange, choked, inarticulate life. She stopped to listen a moment, feeling a chill of apprehension and foreboding. It was dreadful that Gene was doing that. It was as though he were cutting at his own strength, cutting off one of his own members, to please his wife. Poor Gene. He would do that too, now, if Nelly asked him.

She looked from afar at the tree, holding its mighty crest high above the tiny house, high above the tiny human beings who had doomed it. So many winters, so many summers, so many suns and moons and rains and snows had gone to make it what it was. And now to be killed in an hour, in attempted expiation of a deed for which it bore no guilt!

Marise was coming closer now. The axe strokes stopped for a moment as though the chopper drew breath. The silence was heavy over the breathless summer field.

By the time she was before the back-door of the house, the axe blows were renewed—loud, immediate. Through the screen door she saw old Mrs. Powers, standing by the table, ironing, and she stepped in. The three children were in the pantry beyond. Nelly was not there. Mrs. Powers looked up at Marise and nodded. She looked disturbed and absent. "We're at it, you see," she said, jerking her head toward the front of the house. "I told you 'bout Gene's sayin' he'd g'in to Nelly about the big pine."

Marise made a gesture of dismay at this confirmation. The old woman went on: "Funny thing! I ain't a Powers by birth, Lord knows, and I never thought I set no store by their old pine tree. But just now when we was all out there, and Gene heaved up his axe and hit the first whack at it—well, I can't tell you—it give me a turn, most as if he'd chopped right into me somewhere. I got up and come into the house, and I made the children come in, too. It ain't no place for kids around, when a tree that size comes down. Nelly, she's out there, watchin'. She's awful set up, havin' it come down. Gene, he's told her he'll give her the money from the lumber in it. There'll be a sight of boards, too. It's the biggest pine in the valley."

MARISE went to the window and looked at the scene, penetrated by the strangeness of the difference between its outer and inner aspect: Gene, his faded blue overalls tucked into his heavy plowman's cowhide boots, his shirt open over his great throat and chest, his long corded arms rising and falling with the steady, effortless rhythm of the master woodsman. Nelly, in one of her immaculate blue gingham, a white apron over it, a white frilled shade-hat on her head, her smartly-shod, small feet, circling slowly about; looking at Gene as he worked, looking up at the crown of the tree, so high, so insolently high above her head, soon to be brought low by a wish from her heart.

"I came over to talk to Gene and Nelly about some business," Marise said, not taking her eyes from the trio in the drama out there. "But I'd better wait till the tree is down before I speak to them."

"Won't be long now. Gene's been at it quite a while; and seem's as if, now he's started in, he couldn't get it over with quick enough. He acted awful queer about it, I thought."



ELLY CAME INTO HER ARMS, COMFORTED. THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER CLOSELY. HERE WAS A NEW HARMONY, A NEW PROGRESSION, A NEW RHYTHM

She came closer to where Marise stood, looking over her shoulder at the children. Then she stepped back and shut the door to the pantry. "Mis' Crittenden," she said, in an anxious, troubled voice, "Gene ain't right, these days. He acts to me like he's comin' down with a sick spell. He ain't right. Today, Nelly told me she woke up in the night last night, and Gene wasn't there. It scared her like everything, and she scrambled out of bed and lighted the lamp; and she said she most fainted away when she saw Gene rolled up in a blanket, lying on the floor, looking at her. She said she let

out a yell—it scared the life out of her—and Gene he got right up, just as quiet as ever. She says to him, 'For the Lord's sake, Gene, what ails you?' And what do you suppose he says to her; he says: 'I didn't know whether you wanted me there or not, Nelly.' What do you think of that? She says back, 'For goodness' sake, Gene Powers, where would you be, nights, except in your own bed!' He got back all right, and for all Nelly knows, slept the rest of the night. . . . But it must ha' git her a turn."

Marise was too sick with pity to voice any comment. The two women looked at each other, silently, with shadowed eyes of foreboding. Mrs. Powers shook her head and turned back into the pantry.

Marise sat down heavily in a chair by the window, looking out at the man who, for his wife's sake, was killing something vital and alive. He went at it now with a furious haste, which had something dreadful in it.

NELLY had sat down to rest on the pile of brush and poles. She took off her ruffled, pretty hat, and laid it down on the white-birch poles, so that she could tilt her head far back and see the very tip of the tree's crown. Her braids shone molten in the sunshine. Her beautiful face was impassive, secreted behind a screen all that Marise felt she must have been feeling during these last days.

Gene, catching sight of her now, in a side-glance, stopped abruptly in the middle of a swing and shouted to her to "get off that brush pile. That's just where I'm lottin' on laying the tree."

Somewhat startled, Nelly sprang up, and Gene returned to the fury of his assault. The great trunk now had a gaping gash in its side. Nelly idled back of him, looking up at the tree, down at him. What was she thinking about? Marise wondered; if she had had second sight, could she have seen Frank Warner there between the husband and wife? Gene's face was still gray in spite of the heat and his fierce exertion. What did the future hold for Gene? What tragic net had he wrapped stranglingly around himself?

The axe strokes stopped—so suddenly that the ear went on hearing them, ghost-like, in the intense silence. Gene stood upright, lifting his wet, gray face. "She's coming now," he said. He stood near Nelly, and as she looked up at the tree he looked at her. Marise felt the cold perspiration on her own temples at that look.

Nelly stepped sidewise a little, tipping her head to see, and cried out, "Yes, I see it beginning to slant. How slow it goes!"

"It'll go fast enough in a minute," said Gene.

Of what followed, not an instant ever had for Marise the quality of reality. It always remained for her a hideous, magnificent dream—something that had taken place in her brain and not in the lives of human beings:

Nelly—looking down suddenly to see where the tree would fall—crying out, "Oh, my hat!" and darting light as a feather toward it. Gene, making a great, futile gesture to reach her as she passed him, shouting to her with a horrified glance up at the tree, "Come back! Come back!"

Nelly on the brush-pile, her hat in her hand, whirling to return, supple and swift, suddenly stumbling and falling headlong, up again in an instant, writhing and pulling at her foot, caught by its high heel deep between the knotted poles.

Gene there in a bound, tearing in a frenzy at the poles, at her foot. . . . Above them, the great tree slowly bearing down on them the solemn, vengeful shadow of its fall. . . . Someone was screaming. . . . It was Nelly. . . . She was screaming, "Gene. . . . Gene!" her face contracted in terror, her white lips open and contorted. And then that last gesture of Gene's, when he took Nelly into his great arms; closely, hiding her face on his shoulder, as the great tree, roaring downward, bore them both to the earth, forever.

#### *Two Good-bys*

August 12th

PAUL was holding tightly to Mr. Welles' hand and presently, as the talk flagged in the inevitable flatness of the period of waiting for a train, he tugged at him and drew him away from the others. They walked along the cinder-covered side-track to where the single baggage truck stood, loaded with beautiful, leather-covered boxes and wicker-basket trunks, marked E. Mills, S. S. Savoie; and one square, department-store trunk marked Welles, 320 Elm Street, Macon, Georgia.

This left Eugenia and Marise alone for a moment. Eugenia took Marise's hand in hers and gazed at it intently. Marise felt that there was something she wished to say, and looked at her with the inner desire to help her say it. It had occurred to her that Eugenia was not quite well, perhaps not quite happy. And as she looked at her now, in the crude brilliance of the gaudy early-morning sun, she saw, for the first time, signs of years in Eugenia's exquisite, small face.

But perhaps she imagined it, for even as she looked, an inner wave of resolution reached the surface, and there was Eugenia as she always had been, something of immutable and permanent loveliness. She said impulsively: "Eugenia, it's a stupidly conventional thing to say, but you really ought to be scolded for never marrying, so beautiful as you are."

As Eugenia only looked at her, quietly, she ventured further: "You really might be happier, you know. There is a great deal of happiness in the right marriage." She had never said so much to Eugenia.

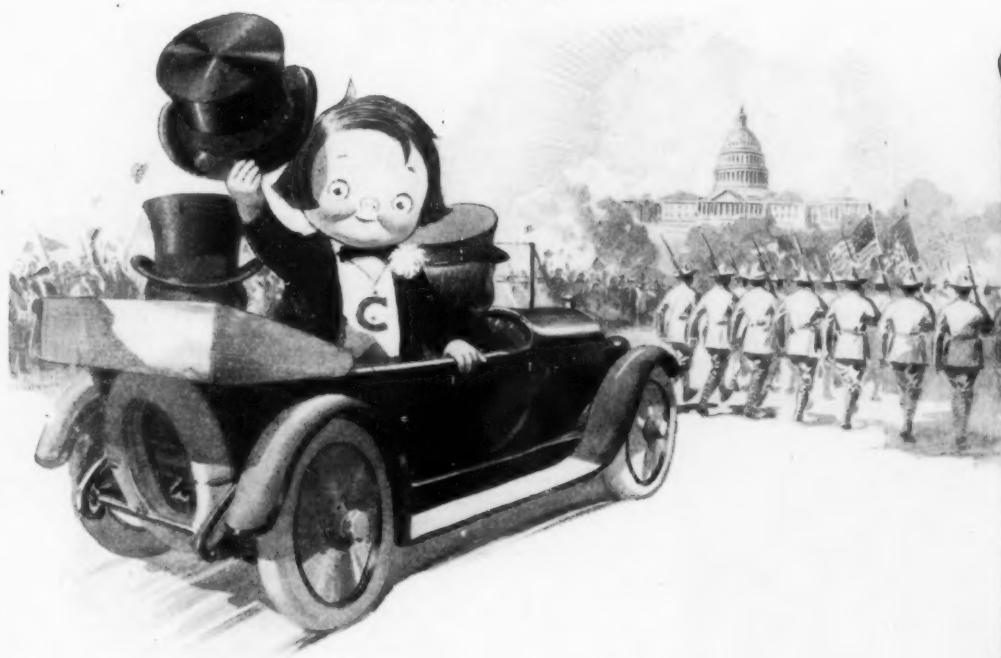
Eugenia let Marise's hand drop, and with it, evidently, whatever intention she might have had of saying what had been in her mind. "How in the world shall I get through the winter?" She wondered. "Biskra and the Sahara, perhaps—if I could only get away from the hideous band of tourists." She added, with a greater accent of wonder: "How in the world are you going to get through the winter?"

Marise was struck into momentary silence by the oddness of the idea as applied to her life. There were phrases in Eugenia's language which were not translatable into hers. She laughed a little, amused by the tangibility of that intangible barrier. "Oh, we never have to consider that," she said, not finding a more accurate phrase. "There won't be time enough to do if we'll try to do, all we'll have to do. There's living. That takes such a lot of time and energy."

But Eugenia had dropped back into her own world. She said, thoughtfully, "I've half a notion to go straight on beyond Biskra, to the south, if I could find a caravan that would take me. That would be something new. . . ." She went on with a wistful note of painlessness in her voice, "Oh, by everything's so commonplace now!" And

[Continued on page 2]

"I'm ready to serve you today  
In the true Constitutional way  
I'll build up each party who wants to be hearty  
And that's civil service, I'll say!"



## Ready to serve

Are you as ready to have us serve you as we are to serve?

The biggest part of the so-called "servant question" is often the mistress question. Do you make the most of all the good service right at your command?

Here is the whole big, experienced Campbell's Soups organization with the famous Campbell's kitchens engaged in preparing soups of exceptional quality and food value for your home table. Do you give yourself the full benefit?

Campbell's Tomato Soup made from the pure juice of selected red-ripe tomatoes and other nutritious ingredients, cannot be excelled for purity and flavor. It is appetizing, nourishing, relished by all, good for any meal any day in the year. Do you enjoy this delicious soup as often as you might?

21 kinds

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**Campbell's SOUPS**  
LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

# THE SILK HANGINGS

*Good Fortune Comes to the Custard Cup*

By Florence Bingham Livingston



LETTIE RESENTED THE LADY'S SCRUTINY OF HER RAGGED BLUE CHAMBRAY. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS HERE RIG?" SHE ASKED, FEELINGLY.

## THE CHARACTERS IN THE STORY:

MRS. PENFIELD—A widow who is given her rent for supervision of the tenements known as *The Custard Cup*. She has adopted three homeless children, whom she supports by taking in washing and ironing.

LETTIE—A child who has had four months of home life with Mrs. Penfield. Before that, she prowled over dumps for salvage to pay for her keep.

CRINK—A boy who is grateful for small things and is contributing toward the family support.

THAD—The youngest in the family.

**I**T was a proud moment for Lettie when she became the owner of a young hen. Immediately, she named her pet after the two daughters of Mrs. Weatherstone, a lady whom she had never seen, but whose name was heard daily in the family—not merely because she employed Mrs. Penfield as laundress, but because she frequently sent down a package of cast-off clothing.

Having nursed her Plymouth Rock into recovery from the injury which had occasioned the gift, Lettie secured her by a twine leash around one leg, and was giving her an airing in the driveway. Startled by the sound of a motor, she glanced up, to see a beautiful limousine chugging into *The Custard Cup*. Lettie stared, open-mouthed, till the limousine stopped beside her.

The big car contained only one person, a lady in a dark-blue suit and a small hat, cunningly formed of dark-blue wings. She wore a sable scarf; she carried a sable muff. Before the chauffeur could spring from his seat, she had opened the door of the car and started to descend.

Lettie roused. "Hold on!" she cried in alarm. "Wait till I get Bonnie Geraldine out of the way."

With one daintily shod foot on the running board, the lady paused. She swayed slightly.

"What?" she gasped. "What—who—?"

"Bonnie Geraldine," repeated Lettie. "Wait till I wind up her rope and pull her in. If you was to trip in it, you might throw her."

The lady's beautiful dark eyes followed the twine to the bunch of speckled feathers, now considerably agitated by the general commotion and Lettie's zealous reefing-in.

"Do you call that—that hen—Bonnie Geraldine?"

"Uh-huh," beamed Lettie, flattered by this attention to her pet. "Ain't it a grand name? I took it from two swell girls."

The lady appeared to be having trouble about breathing. Her gloved hand fluttered at her throat, loosed the sable scarf. She stepped to the ground.

"Don't you think you might call your hen something more—appropriate?" she inquired, with greater composure.

Lettie shook her head violently. "Suits me. They're the swellest folks I know, and—"

"Oh, then you know these people?"

Lettie tossed her head. "I hain't seen 'em, if that's what you mean; but, golly, I've seen their clo'es. Swellest clo'es you ever saw. I hang 'round the yard and watch 'em when they're drying, 'cause somebody might snitch 'em; and if they should—Landy great Goshens, it'd bust *The Custard Cup* to pay for 'em."

wearing a pink plaid made from a garment once worn by Miss Bonnie Weatherstone.

The lady stopped short. "Who—who is this?"

"It's Thad," elucidated Lettie. "He's my little brother—or he would be if he was any related at all. Here, Thad, take Bonnie Geraldine 'round to her coop and be sure you fasten the slats. Now—" As she slid the big door on its creaking wheels, she turned her attention again to the caller—"You hain't told me who you are. I gotta tell Penzie."

"Oh, yes. Tell her Mrs. Weatherstone."

Lettie paused with the door half-open. "Holy smoke!" she gasped. "Land, I'm glad to see you at last. Come right along in, and set anywhere you like. I'll speak to Penzie."

She darted into the kitchen, closing the door behind her with great forethought. She returned immediately.

"Penzie'll be in right away," she reported. "She's ironing somep'n and can't stop in the middle. Just make yourself to home."

Launching this formal hospitality with only the vaguest idea of its significance, she was contented when Mrs. Weatherstone merely continued to sit. Lettie, glancing around the room, was satisfied that it looked its best. Every string bean and Bartlett pear seed-poster was in place on the walls; the bunks were turned with the closed side out, in daytime reserve; and in the corner was the yellowing Christmas tree, silent witness of past joys.

Lettie made conversation. "How's your health, Mrs. Weatherstone?"

The lady's lips danced, but she answered as a lady should. "I'm very well, thank you. How are you?"

"Oh, me!" returned Lettie, jauntily. "I'm as strong as a cow. I've made as many's twenty trips today, I guess."

Mrs. Weatherstone seemed not to be familiar with the phraseology of dumps. Her dark eyes dropped from a Crawford peach to a packing-box; then strayed to a second packing-box.

"Are you moving?" she inquired, in some perplexity.

"Land, no," cried Lettie, in astonishment. "Them—why, them are beds. Look here!" She sprang up and gave one of the boxes a vigorous twist. "This is where Crink sleeps; Thad sleeps in the other one. Ain't it a funny thing you don't know where your own mattress went to? You see, it was too comfortable for Penzie. She couldn't wake up in the morning, so she cut it up for—"

"Never mind, Lettie," reproved Mrs. Penfield, as she came in. "I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. Weatherstone."

**L**ETTIE pushed back the box and withdrew to a corner, watching her beloved Penzie with speculative wonder. There was a subtle change in Mrs. Penfield's manner. Lettie felt it, but could not know the cause. Without realizing it herself, Mrs. Penfield had reverted to the days when she had had a real home and had received callers on a basis of genial equality.

Mrs. Weatherstone proceeded at once to her errand. "I have just discovered that one of the maids gave your son the wrong bundle. I suppose you knew it was a mistake."

"A mistake! No, I didn't know there was a mistake."

"You didn't? Why, didn't you get the silk hangings and that embroidered bedspread?"

"Yes, but I sposed you intended to send 'em."

"What did you do with them?" Mrs. Weatherstone's voice was tense with anxiety.

"I washed 'em. Right now I was ironing—"

"You washed them!" Mrs. Weatherstone sprang to her feet. "Do you mean that you put them into water?"

Mrs. Penfield blinked. "Sure I did. Why not?"

"Into water! My choicest hangings! And that bedspread was almost priceless!"

"I figured they were valuable, Mrs. Weatherstone. That's why I hung 'em out when there wasn't any sun, and I had Crink and Lettie both watching 'em—"

"You should have known there was a mistake," interrupted Mrs. Weatherstone, in a frenzied voice. "Those things were to be dry cleaned. I'd gathered up everything because we're doing the house over. But water! Why—"

"What's the matter with water?" demanded Mrs. Penfield. "Dry cleaning ain't half so cleansing, and things don't smell so good, either."

"I know, but it's a slight matter compared with ruining—"

"Ruining! Do you s'pose for a minute, Mrs. Weatherstone, that I ruined your hangings . . . Why, I shouldn't have touched 'em if I hadn't been sure what I could do. They're looking fine."

Mrs. Weatherstone's shoulders relaxed. "What do you mean?" she asked weakly.

"I'll show you, but you'll have to come into the kitchen." She led the way and pointed to the spread, thrown across a line. It was of cashmere satin, woven in India and embroidered with delicate silks, in a raised pattern. Hundreds and hundreds of stitches had gone into every square inch.

"Hand-made dyes," said Mrs. Penfield casually. "They don't use any others for that kind of work."

**M**RS. WEATHERSTONE'S eyelids lifted with involuntary surprise. Mrs. Penfield smiled. Experience as housekeeper in a wealthy family had given her this knowledge, but she allowed the information to stand alone, as Mrs. Weatherstone would have done.

"I'd only just begun to iron the hangings," continued Mrs. Penfield presently. She held up a length of rose silk embroidered in a scattered design of self color. Mrs. Weatherstone stripped off her glove and felt of the material. She shook her head.

"I wouldn't have believed it could be done. It's marvelous. Do you mean, Mrs. Penfield, that you washed this and the spread in water, as you would white embroideries?"

"Land, no. I'd have ruined them that way for sure. I washed 'em with a bag."

"With a—Did you say a bag?"

"Yes, one like this." Mrs. Penfield produced from the cupboard a small bag of muslin, half-filled with a soft substance. But Mrs. Weatherstone was still puzzled. "Is it something that you buy?"

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Oh, no, I make 'em myself. It's a mixture of—"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Weatherstone, throwing up her hand in quick authority. "Don't you tell me what's in it—me or anybody else. Don't you tell a soul what's in it."

Mrs. Penfield gazed at her in silent bewilderment.

"You remember what I say. Keep it to yourself."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Penfield slowly. "It's just something I worked out; and it's been wonderful for the children's dresses. I can keep gingham as bright as ever—if it ain't faded to begin with. I stumbled on it first by accident, and then I experimented till I got the right ingredients and—"

"That's just it," nodded Mrs. Weatherstone, "you've worked out a method that is ahead of the commercial methods. You keep your own counsel. I'll have Mr. Crshaw, a man I know who owns a chain of laundries, come to talk with you."

A flash of gratitude lighted Mrs. Penfield's brown eyes. "Oh, if it could be worth something!" she stammered. "I never had thought of that. And I thank you. I always knew you were kind."

Mrs. Weatherstone's glance traveled briefly around the bare kitchen; rested on Lettie, who had followed silently; skipped to Thad, who had padded in from the yard. . . . She bit her lips, as if an unwelcome conclusion about her own thoughtlessness had forced its way into her mind.

"I'm sorry I was impatient, Mrs. Penfield," she apologized, as they went back into the living-room, "but I never dreamed you were so skilful."

As she spoke, Crink bounded in at the big door. Mrs. Penfield introduced him proudly. "And, Crink, ain't it grand to see Mrs. Weatherstone?"

"I should say!" Crink stepped forward eagerly. "I wanter thank you for this here overcoat. Get, it's a dandy! It was pretty good last winter, but now it's tanned it, ain't nobody got better. And I don't b'liev folks scarcely notice 'bout the buttoning."

"You turned Geraldine's coat!" murmured Mrs. Weatherstone. "Why, I never should imagine it wasn't new." Drawing on her glove, she became graciously conversational. "Crink, my dear, is it possible that you and Lettie are twins? You're about the same size, but your coloring is so different."

"No, ma'am, we ain't twins. I'm 'most ten, but I don't know how old Lettie is. What would you say, Penzie?"

"I expect Lettie's younger," smiled Mrs. Penfield. "Only a few months, likely. And you know we're guessing more or less 'bout your age, too. 'Proximate ages' I'll do very well for all three of you. There's a heap of things more important."

Mrs. Weatherstone paused with her finger on the clasp of the glove she had been about to fasten. Mrs. Penfield answered her look of inquiry.

"They weren't mine at all—originally. I—I lost my own."

"Oh. But they are related?"

"Bless you, no. I just adopted 'em."

Crink was always ready with explanation for this question. "She took us 'cause we wasn't int'resting to anybody else," he proclaimed.

[Continued on page 11]

# FELS-NAPTHA



## *What does "Fels-Naptha" mean?*

It means the perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha.

## *What is Naptha?*

A wonderful dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen dainty fabrics and restore delicate colors. Naptha makes dirt let go, and carries away all odors from clothes. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer.

## *Why combine Naptha with Soap?*

Because when combined the Fels-Naptha way, the cleansing quality of naptha is added to that of good soap, and together they do the work quicker and better than either naptha or soap alone.

## *Why not use Soap alone and pour Naptha into the Wash-water?*

Naptha of itself will not mix with water. But it does mix when carried into the water by Fels-Naptha, because of the individual Fels-Naptha process which makes naptha soluble in water. Therefore every bubble of Fels-Naptha suds contains naptha. It works through every fibre of the clothes loosening *all* the dirt.

## *Aren't all "Naptha" Soaps alike?*

No. The word "naptha" has been misused. Fels-Naptha is the *original* naptha soap. It contains *real* naptha. The exclusive Fels-Naptha method of combining good soap and real naptha has never been duplicated. Fels-Naptha holds its naptha. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

## *What Color for Soap?*

Color has little to do with the purity or cleansing-value of soap. Some good soaps are black; others white, green, brown, yellow and golden. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the good materials that help to hold its naptha. Fels-Naptha makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

## *Why isn't Fels-Naptha hard as a Brick?*

Hard soaps mean hard rubbing. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes, and a backache. Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves in the wash water. The cleansing work is done by soap, naptha and water all thoroughly mixed.

## *What Soap for Washing-machines?*

Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for the washer because its naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts. Then the suds churn through and through the clothes, quickly flushing all dirt away. And the inside of the machine will not be sticky.

## *Are there Fels-Naptha Flakes?*

No, but it is a simple matter to make your own—and more economical. Just shave off into the water the chips or flakes of Fels-Naptha *as you need them*. This gives you the added cleansing value of naptha in washing woolens, dainty lingerie and all fine things.

## *How many other Uses has Fels-Naptha?*

The housewife constantly finds new uses for Fels-Naptha. Besides laundry-work, Fels-Naptha is wonderful for taking spots from rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Always keep a cake in the bathroom for very dirty hands and for enamel of bathtub and washstand. Give your home and yourself the benefit of the real naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

Three things identify Fels-Naptha—the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, the clean naptha odor.



Fels-Naptha safely cleans anything cleanable and washes anything washable.

**THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR**



## Ask Them

**Ask the food expert** the best way to serve cereals. He will say, "As Puffed Grains, with every food cell blasted—easy to digest."

**Ask the grocer.** He will say that the lovers of Puffed Grains have multiplied in late years.

**Ask the children.** Those who know them will vote supreme place to some flavorful bubble grain.

### Matchless delights

These three Puffed Grains hold topmost place among all cereal-food delights.

Two are whole grains steam-exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size. One is toasted corn hearts puffed to flimsy bubbles.

All are made by Prof. Anderson's process—by first applying fearful heat, then shooting the grains from guns.

The heat creates a most delectable flavor.

The puffing makes the texture flimsy as a snowflake.

Exploding every food cell fits each granule to digest.

Serve them morning, noon and night, and all three kinds.

#### Puffed Wheat

*in bowls of milk*

#### Puffed Rice

*with cream and sugar*

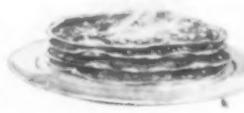
#### Puffed Corn

*in either way or with melted butter*



#### Now in Pancake Flour

Now we blend ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake mixture. The broken food cells make the pancakes fluffy. The flavor gives them a nut-like taste. You never tasted pancakes so delicious. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.



**The Quaker Oats Company**

*Sole Makers*



FATHER TUCKED HIS NAPKIN INTO HIS VEST. THAT WAS AU FAIT IN 1855

## Table Manners Now and Then

By Helen Ormsbee

TABLE manners are not what they once were. But we needn't shake our heads in dismay. As a matter of fact they have improved. For instance, in 1855 if you left your spoon in your cup, it was sign to your hostess that you had had all the coffee you wanted. If, on the contrary, you laid your spoon in the saucer, she was expected promptly to offer you more.

Surprising, is it not, that the up-standing spoon, which today is a crime, was one of the fine points of dining in the middle of the nineteenth century! But when thousands, perhaps millions, of cups had been overturned in efforts to signal, "Hold, hold, enough!" people must have begun to see the advantages of the spoon supine.

The spoon-in-cup practise goes much further back than 1855, of course. A generation before that, cups were often made without saucers, and at table, were set on mats. It was then the height of carelessness to lay a spoon on the table-cloth.

If we could transport ourselves on some magic carpet—carpets were in vogue sixty-odd years ago—to the dinner table of an average American family of the fifties, we would find other differences besides teaspoon procedure. The dinner hour would be noon, for evening dinner was a rarity even in large cities. In all probability the dining-room would have dark walls and a towering black-walnut sideboard. In the middle of the table, do you look for a low bowl filled with ferns or a vase of flowers? Behold, instead, a silver caster, tall, shiny and replete with the condiments sung by little girls when they skip rope—pepper, salt, mustard and cider vinegar. Oil is conspicuous by its absence, for few Americans of the fifties would touch it. Is it any wonder that salads, eaten with vinegar and sugar only, were unpopular?

Father and mother sit at the sides of the table, not at the ends as is the custom now. You fear, perhaps, that they have chosen these strategic positions for convenience in reaching nearly every dish on the board! Your suspicion, alas, is well-founded.

A white funeral urn stands in front of father, who, rising to lift its cover, tucks his napkin into his vest. We blush to think the poor man should know no better! Mother is taking a pin from her belt and affixing her napkin so that it cannot slip out of her lap. Although it pains us to see her do it, we ought to realize that the lady was instructed in this maneuver by one of the best etiquette books of the fifties.

The secret of the funeral urn is revealed when the cover is removed. It is a soup tureen, of course, and there beside it is the gigantic silver ladle. (How many years is it since both these objects were banished from our repasts?)

But what is that fence of knives, forks, and spoons built around each person's place? This is the average, everyday way of laying the table as it used to be practised in this country, with implements disposed at careless angles, and goblets put anywhere within reaching distance of the diners.

The family progresses speedily from oyster stew to roast chicken, which, to our

surprise, no one regards as a luxury. Father carves, daughter serves beets from a covered dish into saucers, while great-aunt Sarah apportions summer squash in yet more saucers. Meanwhile, mother has doled out a few leaves of lettuce to such members of the family as like it. Of course no tomatoes accompany this delicacy, for "love-apples" are still distrusted as food.

Look! What is mother doing now? Yes, she is *cutting up her lettuce*, unconscious of her social error.

We are glad to see that she handles her fork in the approved way, laying her knife on the right side of her plate, as soon as she has cut a few pieces of meat, and transfers the fork to her right hand before conveying the food to her mouth.

But, oh horror, there is great-aunt Sarah at the far end of the table eating with her knife! She dates her training from the era when Americans had only two-tined forks and it was impossible to pick up food with them.

Our attention is distracted from Aunt Sarah by a rattling of dishes. The family has consumed an astonishing amount of chicken and vegetables in record time and each eater is now "stacking" plates and saucers, knives and forks. These stacks are passed to mother, who, by leaning back in her chair, succeeds in placing them on the sideboard, in unappetizing array.

The meal over, a small container of toothpicks is passed among the diners. This is too much for our twentieth-century sensibilities and we flee from the scene.

At the present-day table, mathematical precision is the rule. Beginning at the left of each "cover" are the forks, laid perfectly straight with tines up, the fork at the outside being the one that will be needed first. The napkin, neatly folded, is at the left of the forks; and above them, almost touching their tips, stands the bread-and-butter plate on which are placed butter, bread and a small silver butter-spread.

At the right of the "cover" are the knives, exactly parallel and with the blades turned inward. Further to the right lie the spoons, the one to be used first being on the outside, and above the knives stands the glass of water.

When it comes to the actual serving of meals, the average family has hit upon a happy solution. To a daughter, or even a son, is assigned the task of waiting on the table, and children thus acquiring a useful bit of household technique.

They learn, for instance, to pass *cold* to the left of each person at table. In setting down a cup of tea or coffee, they go to the diner's right.



In clearing the table after each course, the volunteer waiter or waitress, going to the right of each person, removes two plates at a time, one in each hand. These are placed side by side on a tray, standing on a serving-table, or on a tea-wagon. When either of these receptacles is filled, it is taken into the kitchen. Before dessert is served, the table is crumbed and glasses refilled.

But let us not be too proud of our superiority over 1855. Our grandchildren may blush to think their grandmothers ate without disinfecting their hands.

# Also The Man's Soap

The man favors FAIRY SOAP—and women should know it.

Thirty-one of New York's leading men's clubs and Turkish baths, where men rule alone and their real preferences are paramount, use Fairbank's FAIRY quality white soap exclusively.

In no other places in the world is soap more carefully selected.

In the selection of his soap, a man is not influenced by color fads or perfume fancies. He goes direct to the point. He wants the soap which unquestionably will keep his skin clean and healthy. For that simple, thorough cleanliness which is the mark of gentility, man finds his ideal in FAIRY SOAP.

The woman in her turn, recognizes, in addition to its toilet supremacy, the unique efficiency of FAIRY SOAP where the laundering of fine garments is concerned. In cleansing, it renews the life of texture and color, imparting that softness which is the charm of well-laundered garments—the comfort of clean clothes.

FAIRY SOAP floats. It comes in two sizes—the convenient, oval toilet cake and the larger size for bath and fine laundering. Sold everywhere.



The White  
Spirit of Purity  
that lives in  
FAIRY SOAP

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

# FAIRY SOAP



PURE WHITE FLOATING

# How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without beautiful well-kept hair you can never be really attractive

**S**TUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

## Follow This Simple Method

**F**IRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

## Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

**T**WO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

Fine for men.

**WATKINS**  
**MULSIFIED**  
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO



# How Do You Do Yours?

By Suzanne Sheldon

**A**ND I'm crazy about the way you do your hair," finished George, the hero in *Cornered*, to the heroine, Madge Kennedy, summing up the reasons why he loved her.

I didn't blame him a bit, but being feminine, I wanted to know how she did it, so I arranged to see Madge Kennedy in her gray-walled star's dressing room at the Astor Theater before the performance, and watch her accomplish that coiffure.

Her hair is bright brown, with reddish lights in it, and like mine and probably yours, is not naturally curly. She curls it around her face.

This is the way, lock for lock, she puts it up: First of all, she lets it hang loose while she parts it the least little way up the left side and arranges it around her face and puffs it a tiny bit over her ears. Then she takes the scalp lock and fluffs it to make that pretty rounded effect on top of her charming head. Now she gathers all her hair together at the back of her head, and divides it into two parts. The left portion she brings around the right side to the left of the front, twisting just a little, and fastens; then the same with the right portion, and there you are!

Miss Kennedy explained that if one's hair were not fluffy or not very thick, one could either ruff the back of that scalp lock or put a little pad under it.

Miss Elsie Ferguson's coiffure, shown in the third picture, is a little more the accepted style of the year. Her hair is carried softly back to a position half way between the nape of her neck and the crown of her head, and the ends turned under and held in position by a comb.

To pursue my inquiries about styles in hairdressing further, I went to see Mr. Spiro, the well-known New York hairdresser.

"The smartest coiffure," he said, "is the fan-shaped one. It is soft about the face, usually unparted, and becomes wider and puffier as it reaches the crown of the head. There the ends are turned under, and the back hair brought up and tucked underneath the front part. If there is not enough hair to give it the proper line, removable hair is used to give height. The back hair in this coiffure and in most of the particularly fashionable styles is as flat as possible."

Mr. Spiro told me that bobbed hair is as popular as ever, and also arrangements which give a bobbed effect. A wax figure in his window showed a head with little curls at the sides, the ends brought around from the back under the curls, and over the forehead in a flat band.

"Curls are the order of the day. Who-ever does not own natural waves acquires them by some means or other," said Mr. Spiro.

"How about these bulbous ear puffs?" I asked.

"No well-groomed woman would think of wearing them," he answered. "You see them still, yes; but not on people who are really smart."

Mr. Spiro had an interesting word to say about the origin of styles. "Formerly," he told me, "the hairdressers set the fashions and the milliners adapted the hats to them. Now the milliners have the upper hand, and the hairdressers must devise

coiffures to fit the hats. With hats made to pull down over the face, hair over the forehead and ears is inevitable."

Among the designs of other hairdressers, I found some clever hair arrangements. A favorite and becoming style shows the hair brought to the crown of the head and rolled forward, like a parchment, across the head. With this, the parting is sometimes at the side, sometimes in the middle, and sometimes there is no parting. Sometimes a little bang is worn.

A coiffure which won a first prize at an exhibition at a school for hairdressers is parted in the middle, curled, puffed slightly over the ears, and gathered at the nape of the neck in a V-shaped puff reaching to the crown of the head.

For older women, modifications of the French twist are still *au fait*. One sees coils of hair more often in arrangements for the middle-aged woman than in those for young girls, although the latter do wear them. Witness nineteen-year-old Helen Hayes, with her charming simple coiffure with its knot and coquettish escaping curl.

My general conclusion is that the style tendency is toward high arrangements and a fluffy, disheveled effect.

So much for styles, now for your style. Don't be fashionable at the expense of becomingness. It is not necessary; there is always some one of the prevailing modes that you can adapt to fit your face. If you have a round face, for instance, beware of puffing your hair over your cheeks or parting it in the middle.

If you are short do not let your coiffure be bulky or it will make your head look too big in proportion to the size of your body.

Unless your hair grows delightfully around your face and you have good features, you cannot be too cautious about brushing your hair straight back from your forehead.

If you are not satisfied that the way you are combing your hair suits you thoroughly, arrange your mirror so that you can sit down in front of it. Choose a time when you are not tired, and spend an hour or so experimenting. When you have found a coiffure that pleases you, write down on a slip of paper directions for doing it, so that you will be able to duplicate it. Adopt that coiffure, and give it a fair trial. Don't let the comments of your family and friends distract you too much. Give them a chance to become accustomed to the new arrangement.

A becoming style of fixing one's hair must take into consideration one's height, one's figure, the way one's head is set on one's body—as well as its shape—and one's features.

I know one girl whose fashion of doing her hair doubles the apparent size of her already large nose.

Concentrate on your hair. Find your style—and then forget about it and be able to turn your mind to other things. Every woman owes it to herself and her family and her office mates and her friends to be as charming as possible. But intelligent thought and care, not eternal prinking and self-consciousness, are the fundamental means to that end.



# Pompeian Night Cream

## *An Invitation to Beauty*

She welcomes the many evidences of friendship—tributes to her beauty—just as joyously as she greets the day.

No tired lines, no shadows of yesterday's weariness, mar her beauty; her skin is soft and youthful, for she uses Pompeian Night Cream (an improved cold cream) each night before retiring; it brings beauty while she sleeps. Soothes and softens skins hurt by heat, cold, hard water, or dust. Pompeian Night Cream is for sale at all druggists at 50c and \$1.00 a jar.

Other popular Pompeian toilet preparations are the 60c Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), which removes face shine; Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (60c), a powder that stays on; Pompeian BLOOM (60c), a rouge that won't crumble; Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c); and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with an exquisite new odor. Tear off the coupon now.

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Miss Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel entitled, "Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are revealed in dainty colors. Size, 28 x 7½ inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder), sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

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**"Don't Envy Beauty  
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The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

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Gentlemen: Enclose a dime for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send the 5 samples in using several shades of Bloom to test with Powder shade named below.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.



"Its fragrance  
brings you im-  
stant charm."



## Two great makers of wool garments tell how woolens should be laundered

THE name of Carter stands for the first quality in baby underwear. No matter where you live, when you shop for your baby, the store offers you a Carter shirt or band. Read why this company, one of the oldest and largest in the country, advises you to wash your baby's woolens with Lux.

THESE two great manufacturers, by the very nature of their business, were compelled to find out the way of laundering wool that would be best and safest. Incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to them just as incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to you in the wear and in the appearance of your own and the children's woolen things.

Read carefully the detailed directions below which tell you just exactly how to wash woolens—the way recommended by one of the very largest manufacturers of underwear and the leading maker of infants' and children's knit goods, whose garments are worn by thousands of youngsters.

Cut this page out and keep it. You will find that you will want to refer to it all the time. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### To keep woolens soft and unshrunken

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Press with warm iron—never a hot one.

**Colored woolens.** If you are not sure the color is fast, try to set it as follows: Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of vinegar to a gallon of water and soak for two hours. Lux won't cause any color to run water alone won't cause to run.

**Woolens should be dried in an even temperature;** that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out-of-doors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Flannels may be dried flat and stretched to shape, or when absolutely dry, they may be pressed, by placing a damp cheesecloth over the material and using a warm iron.

Shirts and stockings should be dried on wooden forms.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeeze water out, and pull and pat garment into shape. Spread carefully on a towel to dry.

Knitted blankets and afghans, like other knitted articles, should never be hung up to dry. Spread them on a towel and pull into shape.

Wool scorches easily. Press challis and other light woolens while still a little damp. Use a warm iron, never a hot one.

THE finest quality outer knit goods for infants and children have been made by Simon Ascher & Co. for nearly 50 years. Bootees, sacques, sweater-suits, sweaters, all "100 per cent Pure Wool," are found in good stores in every state. Read the way these experts in woolens recommend laundering knitted things.

### The makers of Carter's Knit Underwear tell how to wash woolens

"Sometimes we receive complaints," says the Carter Company, "that our woolens have shrunk. This, of course, is a mechanical process and due to the wrong way of washing."

"We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts and bands in the safe way set forth in the Lux advertising."

"We have had Lux analyzed and know there is nothing in it which could injure the delicate wool fibre. A soap with free alkali or just an ordinary harsh soap will make the tiny wool scales draw up and shrink."

"Lux is also excellent for woolens because its thin flakes dissolve quickly and completely. This means that no solid soap can stick to the wool and yellow it."

"We are glad to endorse Lux because its use in washing our garments means greater satisfaction to our customers, and thus to ourselves."

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

### The makers of Ascher's Knit Goods tell safest way to wash knitted things

"Infants and children soil their clothes so quickly," says Simon Ascher & Company, "that we have had to give especial attention to the way our knitted garments are laundered."

"Woolens will not shrink or stiffen if they are washed the proper way. When you find a sweater or cap or any knitted garment with the surface matted up, it usually means that a harsh soap has been used or that the garment has been rubbed."

"Lux is ideal for woolens because it meets both conditions. It is so pure that it cannot injure the sensitive wool fibre. Its thick lather does away with the rubbing of the garment even between the hands. This means that the delicate softness and beauty of the wool is preserved."

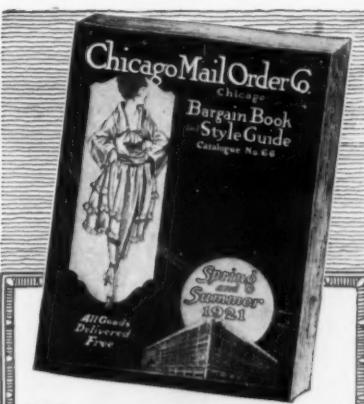
"We are very glad to see that the Lux advertising is teaching women the safe and gentle way to launder woolens."

SIMON ASCHER & COMPANY

# LUX

*Won't injure anything  
pure water alone won't harm*





## Bargains Like These

Amazing price reductions! That is what you will say when you see the bargains which the Chicago Mail Order Company offers in its splendid array of wearing apparel for Spring and Summer. Send for our wonderful new free catalog and see the slashed prices which enable you to dress in the very latest style and to save money. Get the smartest fashions direct from this Great Mail Order House.

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Let our prices themselves tell how much you save. Get the big Bargain Catalog and see how we have smashed prices on Suits, Dresses, Coats, Waistcoats, Hats, Shoes, Underwear, etc. And remember—no extra charges—no extras at all for you to pay—nothing for packing or postage. Goods are delivered to your door at the catalog price. Write for free Catalog today.

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No. 121SD350. Send for this nobby plain tailored skirt. Made of good looking, good wearing, guaranteed all-wool serge. Has inserted pockets with loose button trimmed flaps. Novelty buttons. Choice of Navyblue or Black. Waist measurements 22 to 32 in. Front skirt lengths 36 to 40 in. State size and color wanted. Price \$1.98. Delivered FREE. Money back if not satisfied.

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Great price smashing offer to introduce our New Dry Goods Department. Silks, muslins, ginghams, linens, calicos, percales, etc., direct from Chicago Mail Order Co. at reductions which simply stagger competition. Read this great special offer. 10 yards standard weight, unbleached, cream color, LL sheeting, 36 inches wide, sent prepaid for a limited time for only 8½¢. Not more than 10 yards to any one person. Order by No. 121SD100. 10 yards 85¢. Delivered free.

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Send for the catalog and see for yourself the bargains our free catalog offers for all the family. Dresses, 96¢ up; Suits, \$9.98 up; Coats, \$4.98 up; Waistcoats, 69¢ up; Skirts, 89¢ up; Hats, 49¢ up; Shoes, \$1.49 up; Children's Apparel, 29¢ up; Men's Suits, \$9.98 up; Boys' Suits, \$1.49 up. All sent prepaid to your door.

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## Every Mother—Every Baby

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

MERELEY seeing that a child has plenty to eat is not enough. He must have the right kind of food.

Even after weaning, milk is the most important article in the diet of a child. However, as a balanced diet is necessary, the child must not be given so great a quantity of milk as to take away his appetite for other foods.

Cereals must be thoroughly cooked. When they are to be used in the morning, they are cooked the previous evening two or three hours in a double boiler, then left all night where the water in the lower part will keep warm. For children under two years of age, all cereals should be rubbed through a strainer and diluted with enough water or milk to form a fairly thin gruel.

Vegetables are of great importance in the child's diet, particularly green vegetables such as spinach and carrots. All

vegetables used for children under two years old must be thoroughly cooked and mashed or strained through a fine sieve. They may then be mixed with milk and served as a soup, if desired.

Meat should be given not oftener than once a day, and it is well to omit it at least twice a week, serving fish instead. Fish should be boiled, broiled or shredded and served with a milk sauce. Meats should be scraped or chopped very fine.

A good way to prepare chopped or scraped meat is to spread a thin layer of it on a saucer and place over the top of a tea kettle. When thoroughly heated add a little butter and salt and serve.

Fried food should never be given to children; nor rich foods, such as pork, corned beef, cabbage, raw tomatoes, rich gravies, pastries. Menus for the child from one to six years old are given below:



### The Little Child's Diet

From 12 to 18 Months of Age

7:00 A. M.—Juice of orange or 2 tablespoonsfuls prune juice or 2 tablespoonsfuls pineapple juice.

7:30 A. M.—2 to 3 tablespoonfuls of cereal, such as oatmeal, hominy, farina, cream of wheat or wheats, made very thin and served with milk and small amount of sugar.

Glass of milk (8 ounces).

11:00 A. M.—Glass of milk (8 ounces). Cracker or piece of zwieback or piece of stale bread with crust.

2:00 P. M.—One article to be selected from each of the following groups:

1. Beef juice, 2 to 4 tablespoonsfuls; coddled egg; scraped beef, 1 tablespoonful; mutton or chicken broth, 1 cupful; minced chicken, 1 tablespoonful; vegetable soup, 1 cupful.

2. Bread, zwieback or cracker.

3. Baked or mashed potato; rice.

6:00 P. M.—Cereal and milk, zwieback or stale bread, toasted.

10:00 P. M.—Glass of milk.

NOTE.—Raw fruit juice should not be given at the same meal with milk. It should be given either one-half hour before or one-half hour after such meal.

From 18 to 24 Months of Age

7:00 A. M.—2 ounces of orange juice or pulp of 6 stewed prunes, or 2 tablespoonsfuls baked apple (strained), or 2 tablespoonsfuls pineapple juice.

7:00 to 8:00 A. M.—3 tablespoonfuls of cereal with milk and small amount of sugar, glass of milk (8 ounces), piece of toast or bread, buttered.

11:00 A. M.—Glass of milk, cracker, zwieback or bread.

2:00 P. M.—One article to be selected from each of the following groups:

1. Beef juice, 2 to 4 tablespoonsfuls, with bread; egg, soft boiled, poached or coddled; 1 tablespoonful scraped beef; 1 cupful mutton, chicken or beef broth; 2 tablespoonsfuls minced chicken; 1 cupful vegetable soup; lamb chop.

2. Bread, zwieback or cracker.

3. Boiled rice, small baked potato, spinach, well-cooked carrots, fresh peas.

4. Cornstarch pudding with milk, rice pudding, baked custard, junket, 2 tablespoonsfuls pulp of baked apple or pulp of six prunes.

5:30 to 6:00 P. M.—Cereal and milk, zwieback or stale bread, buttered; stewed fruit.

10:00 P. M.—Glass of milk.

From 2 to 4 Years of Age

7:00 A. M.—Juice of 1 orange, or pulp of 6 stewed prunes, or 2 tablespoonsfuls of baked apple, or 2 tablespoonsfuls pineapple juice.

8:00 A. M.—Cereal of medium thickness, 4 tablespoonsfuls with milk and 1 teaspoonful sugar; egg, soft boiled, poached or coddled; toast or stale bread, buttered; glass of milk or cup of cocoa.

10:30 A. M.—Glass of milk, 1 slice of bread, cracker or zwieback.

1:30 P. M.—One article each from groups 1, 3, 4 and 5 or 2, 3, 4 and 5:

1. Chicken or beef broth; vegetable soup; milk soup made with a little potato or celery.

2. Egg, poached, coddled, boiled or scrambled; tablespoonful minced beefsteak; lamb chop; roast beef; broiled steak; chicken, fresh broiled; boiled fish.

3. Baked, boiled, creamed or mashed potato, rice, macaroni.

4. 2 tablespoonfuls fresh or canned vegetables such as peas, string beans, spinach, asparagus tips, squash, stewed celery. All these vegetables should be well cooked.

5. Rice or bread pudding; junket or custard; apple sauce or baked apples; 2 tablespoonfuls (once a week) of plain vanilla ice-cream.

5:30 P. M.—Cereal with milk, toast or stale bread, lightly buttered; egg, poached, soft boiled or coddled; 1 cupful of milk or cocoa made with milk; custard or stewed fruit.

NOTE.—In this age group a cupful of milk and bread or a cracker may be given in mid-afternoon or at bedtime, if the child seems hungry. Give egg at only one meal a day.

From 4 to 6 Years of Age

7:00 A. M.—Juice of 1 orange or baked apple or stewed prunes. (Fresh fruit may be given in season except raw apples, which should only be eaten later in the day. Fresh berries in small amounts may be given.)

Cereal with milk and 1 teaspoonful sugar; glass of milk or cup of cocoa, made entirely with milk; bread or toast with butter; egg, soft boiled, poached, coddled, scrambled or omelet.

10:30 A. M.—Glass of milk (8 ounces) and bread.

1:30 P. M.—Select 1 article from each of groups 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6 or 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6:

1. Chicken, beef or mutton broth; vegetable, pea or bean soups or thick milk soups, strained before using.

2. Chicken; lamb; lamb chop, roast beef; beefsteak; minced beef, fish broiled, boiled or baked; egg, poached, soft boiled or coddled.

3. Vegetables in season except green corn, egg plant or raw vegetables such as radishes, cucumbers or tomatoes.

4. Potato baked, boiled or lightly mashed.

5. Bread and butter.

6. Stewed fruit (peaches, prunes, apricots or apples); cookies or gingersnaps; plain cake; rice, tapioca, cornstarch or bread pudding; jellies or custards, ice-cream (not oftener than once a week); jam, jelly, honey, dates or figs.

5:30 P. M.—Cereal with milk and sugar, or milk toast, or thick soup such as pea or cream of celery, or egg (coddled, poached, boiled or scrambled), cocoa made with milk, or glass of milk; bread and butter; plain pudding, cookie or gingersnap; stewed fruit.

NOTE.—Give egg at only one meal a day.



## I have written a Baby Book

Since I began this little series of comfort letters a great many mothers have written to me for advice about babies. And the funny thing about these letters is that a doctor would have found it difficult to answer any of them.

After all, bringing up babies is a trade which only mothers ever seem to master.

So some time ago I started to write a Baby Book which would discuss all of these interesting and important details about which only a mother knows or cares.

It seemed like a big job at first but as I got into it I found that most of the material was contained in my "Comfort Letters" and in my correspondence with thousands of mothers who have written me regarding their baby problems. I have consulted most of the big authorities in order to check up on my experience with my own babies and at the hospitals during the war.

Several people who are qualified to judge have told me that my book is the most useful and practical text book for motherhood that has been written.

The Mennen Company, who make Mennen Talcum, is publishing my book. It is beautifully illustrated, contains charts, tables, question blanks and is thoroughly indexed. It's the sort of book you would pay about two dollars for at a book store, but The Mennen Company will send out a limited number of copies for 25c.

That is because I frankly say in the book that only Mennen Talcum should be used on babies because it is pure, safe and endorsed by three generations of doctors, nurses and mothers.

Better fill out the coupon at once.

Lovingly,  
Belle.

**THE MENNEN COMPANY**  
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**The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.**  
Gentlemen:  
Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book for which I send 25 cents.

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## How to figure breakfasts

<b>Quaker Oats</b>
Cost per dish . . . 1c
Calories per lb. . . 1810
Water and waste . . 8%
Cost per 1000 calories 6c

<b>Veal Cutlet</b>
Cost per serving . . 12c
Calories per lb. . . 695
Water and waste . . 72%
Cost per 1000 calories 54c

<b>Average Fish</b>
Cost per serving . . 9c
Calories per lb. . . 350
Water and waste . . 85%
Cost per 1000 calories 50c

## Quaker Oats

*The Delicious Flakes*

Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The result is a flavor famed all the world over. A flavor that costs you no extra price. Be sure that you get it—always.

**15 cents and 35 cents per package**

*except in far west and south*

**Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover**



## Helping Teacher Teach

By Henrietta Miles Wallach

**A** GREAT many mothers who would like to help their children study are stayed by the thoughts, "Am I capable of assisting my child? Must not I have a degree from a college or a diploma from a Training School? And then, the long shelves of books on method and what-not! How shall I, busy I, ever read them all!"

To such mothers it is necessary to explain that the long shelves of books and indeed all pedagogy exists mainly for those who are called upon to handle many children. The teacher who is to handle crowds must learn how to keep them from stepping on one another's toes. She must learn how to keep the crowd moving so that the educational system shall not become clogged.

But what need has the mother for this sort of education? She has that equipment which no amount of training and reading can give—an overpowering love for her child and an overwhelming desire for his advancement. Were it possible to instill such a personal interest in each teacher's heart, the world would indeed be a happy place in which to bring up children.

Why should a mother hesitate about teaching her child, for example, that three and two apples are five apples? She would do naturally that which the trained teacher with all her knowledge often neglects to do. Instead of exhorting the child to imagine five apples, or drawing five apples on a blackboard, the mother would produce five goodly-sized and eatable apples wherewith to illustrate her example. Why should a mother fear to lead her child through the multiplication table of 3's? Six times three was eighteen when the mother went to school and according to the latest reports it still is just that.

Any mother can test the knowledge of the reading-matter of a Geography lesson which has previously been taken up at school. Questions covering the principal facts can be written on small cards. These the mother can "flash" to the child and note whether he states his answers correctly. Filling in outline maps is an excellent way of reviewing Geography. The child may trace the outline from the Geography text-book. If this is done carefully the book need not be injured during the tracing process. A wide-awake mother, with the aid of a brush and a pail of white-wash, outlined a huge map of the United States on the flagstones in her backyard. With a large piece of chalk, her little girl filled in the various points learned at school. During this outdoor lesson, the child had the inestimable joy of tripping merrily from one state to another on her own map. Indeed her mother had arranged for many imaginary trips over this flagstone route.

There is no subject where the mother's assistance will bring more appreciable results than in Arithmetic. Children will like Arithmetic if they are taught it, not from the utilitarian, but from the game point of view. Figures seem like amusing playthings to the child who is made to see what clever tricks they can perform once they have been trained.

The first four years of the Arithmetic course in most elementary schools are devoted to the mastery of the four fundamental operations—addition, subtraction, multiplication, division.

By helping each day the mother can shorten the Arithmetic course by a year, if not two.

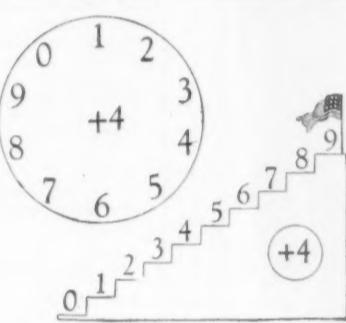
The 45 combinations are the backbone of elementary Arithmetic:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
3	3	3	3	3	3	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9			
4	4	4	4	4	4			
5	6	7	8	9				
5	5	5	5	5				
6	7	8	9					
6	6	6	6					
7	8	9						
7	7	7						
8	9							
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9	9							

The mother should keep to these combinations until the child can readily state the answers. When the child sees a combination,  $7 + 6$ , for example, he should immediately think 13. The numbers that are to be added should not be repeated.

The 45 combinations can be placed on small cards and "flash" to the child. Other popular devices for drilling are the Number Clock and the Number Stair.

The child adds the number that has been written in the center (4) to each



THE NUMBER CLOCK AND THE NUMBER STAIR ARE GOOD ARITHMETIC DRILLS

number that the mother points to on the circumference of the clock. The Number Stair is used in the same way. The child tries to run up the stairs as quickly as possible, adding the number indicated at the side as he goes. Both these devices can be used in drilling on the multiplication table.

If the child does not know the answer during the drill the mother should tell him. When it is over, if the mother feels that the child is lacking in the fundamental conception of the combination, illustrate the combination. For example, if the child fails to respond readily to  $9 + 6$ , the mother should have the child lay out nine toothpicks and then add six more.

Most of the Arithmetic lesson should be devoted by the mother to oral drill. If the child knows the oral work, the written work will take care of itself.

Language is another subject where the mother's influence can be of lasting benefit to her child and of invaluable help to the teacher who cannot know whether or not her efforts "take" outside the school-room.

But the mother has just this opportunity. She can act as the vigilante, ever on the alert for errors. She can quietly whisk the "ain'ts" away and bring the "am-nots" and "are-nots" into their own. "It's me," "It's him," etc., she can replace with, "It is I," "It is he," "It is we," etc. Very small children like to play the game called, "It is I." The child knocks on the door and the mother calls out, "Who is it?" The child answers, "It is I."

When mothers become partakers of that great joy of watching the young minds of their children unfold, they will become less and less willing to hand over the entire education of these children to an impersonal school system.



## A skin you love to touch

EVERY day your skin is changing. Each day old skin dies and new forms in its place.

By giving this new skin intelligent care you can make it what you will—you can gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Begin today to give your skin the particular care it needs. You will find the special treatment your type of skin needs in the booklet of famous treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If your skin has lost its fine texture, use this famous treatment every night:

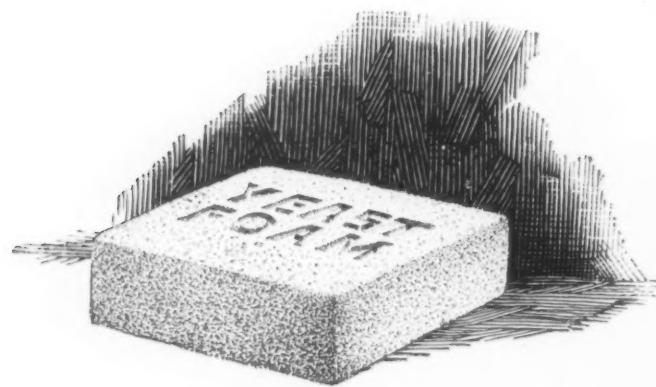
Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Dip the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap in water, then rub the cake over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes until your

face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice.

A miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations will be sent you for 25 cents. This set contains your complete Woodbury treatment for one week. In it you will find the treatment booklet, a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1503 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1502 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.





## Thousands eat it

*In this familiar yeast cake medical science finds the one vital element of good health that most other foods lack*

IT ISN'T the amount of food you eat that makes you fit, strong and healthy—it's the selection of the right foods. These must contain vitamine. In yeast has been found an almost pure source of the essential vitamine that creates vitality and helps you resist disease.

"Why," you ask, "don't most foods have this vital substance which the human body needs so badly?"

Because in the process of preparing modern foods to meet the whims and fancies of taste and trade most of the vitamines are lost.

Vitamine was first found in the hulls of grains. But the hulls of rice are taken off to make it look better; the bran or hull of wheat, is taken off to make it taste better, and the germ of corn, the inner heart which possesses the precious vitamine, is removed so your corn meal will keep longer.

The marvelous yeast plant, richly endowed by nature, has been known for centuries to pos-

sess life-sustaining qualities. The discovery by modern science that yeast is four times as rich in vitamines as any other food has told us "why".

"What is the test of the wholesomeness and the nourishment of one's diet?" you ask.

If the health and appearance of the family are good: if they are strong and well developed for their ages, free from ailments and full of energy and ambition, you may safely feel that their food agrees with them. But if they are listless, frail, undeveloped, always tired, easily upset, irritable and plainly not their real selves; and if a competent physician finds there is no special disease to account for these bad conditions, a mother may well ask herself if the food is right, and if not, how she can make it so.

The contribution of Yeast Foam to the diet has been found to complete it and assure proper nourishment and growth in the children, and build up the resistance powers of adults.

### Removes cause of boils and pimples

Boils have always been baffling because the cause could not be easily reached.

Now it is known that by a slight change of diet including Yeast Foam, the body is nourished and built up by that vital substance of which yeast is the richest source—vitamine.

Yeast Foam gives that vigorous bodily health which medical authorities agree is the best protection against skin eruptions—merely surface indications of internal disorders due to a rundown condition.



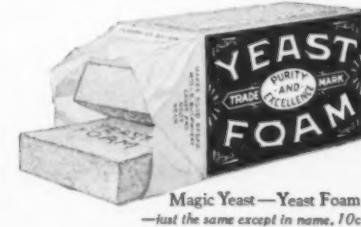
How to take Yeast Foam  
Eat a third, half or whole cake three times a day before meals.  
Some prefer to eat it buttered like a cracker. Others wash it down with a little water or milk. You will quickly learn to like its taste.

### For Constipation

Most ordinary laxatives treat the result and not the cause of constipation. Yeast Foam, composed of countless marvelous little plants of a vegetable nature, acts as a gentle laxative and is being used with success in cases of intestinal sluggishness.

It is not a drug. It forms no habit. What it does is to gradually restore the normal action of the lower intestine by acting upon the cause of constipation.

Until the yeast has a chance to assist the normal function, do not expect immediate results if accustomed to taking laxatives regularly.



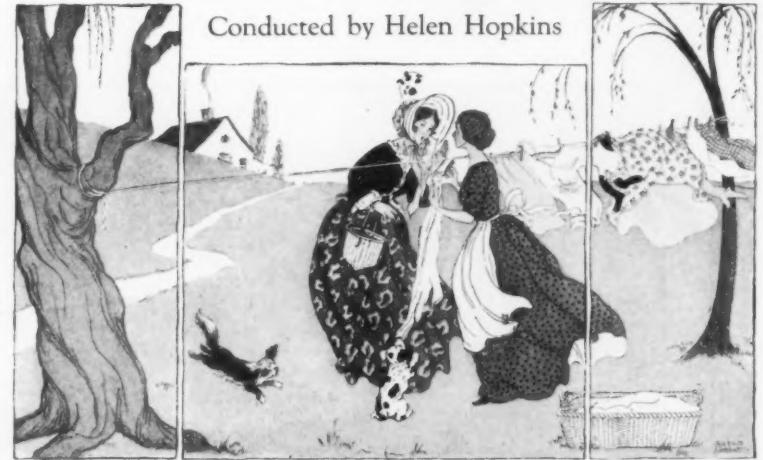
Magic Yeast—Yeast Foam  
just the same except in name. 10c

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., Dept. G 2,  
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an Aid to Health," telling the interesting story of the wonderful new use of Yeast Foam.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins



WHEN I TAKE OFF MY ACCORDION-PLEATED SKIRT I put an elastic band around the skirt, just tight enough to get one finger in, pull out each pleat evenly and let it hang that way until I am ready to wear it again.—Miss R. R., Hartford, Connecticut.

TO KEEP THE THREAD FROM SLIPPING from the eye of the needle, after threading the needle in the ordinary way, untwist a little bit near one end of the thread and pass the needle through the open threads just as though you were sewing.—J. McI., Brooklyn, New York.

PONGEE IS VERY SATISFACTORY for underclothes. Save expense by purchasing it by the piece. It keeps clean longer than wash materials and wears splendidly. Pongee garments should dry before ironed.—A. L. J., New York City.

A SHOE MANUFACTURER gave me the following "foot note." Give the soles of the family shoes two coats of varnish—any kind will do. The varnish keeps the soles from wearing out and prevents dampness from striking through.—A. L. J., New York City.

FOR ECONOMY IN BUYING HUSBAND'S SHIRTS get very long sleeves. Tuck the sleeves to the proper length. When the soft cuffs are worn across the fold, cut them off and stitch together neatly. Let out the tuck and turn back the cuff.—Mrs. M. G. S., New Haven, Connecticut.

THE TEA WAGON IS A FINE ADJUNCT TO BABY'S BATH. Lay a pillow or folded towel on the top and use the lower shelf for pins, powder box and fresh garments. If you have no baby carriage, strap baby on the tea wagon and roll it from room to room on bad days when you cannot go out.—Mrs. H. M. Malone, New York.

DOUBLE BOILERS WILL COOL FOODS as well as heat them. Fill the lower part with ice or cold water and set over it whatever needs to be cooled quickly.—Mrs. E. McO., Hale Center, Texas.

TO REMOVE DYE FROM VESSELS AFTER DYEING CLOTHES put a handful of oatmeal in the boiler full of clean water, and let it boil some time. The dye comes off, leaving crevices clean.—Mrs. L. D., Emerald, Nebraska.

CORNERS OR ORNAMENTS CHIPPED from gilt frames can be camouflaged with chewing gum. Gild with gold paint or powder.—Mrs. E. E. F., Charlotte, Maine.

REPLACE THE GLUE BOTTLE CORK WITH A PIECE OF CANDLE. It will not stick like cork and neither will the glue get so dry.—Miss B. L., Spokane, Washington.

TO MEND GLOVES SATISFACTORILY, buttonhole the edges of each torn place and close the rent by running your needle through the loops of each buttonhole-stitch. Use a fine needle.—Miss A. L. J., New York City.

REMOVE THE OBJECTIONABLE ODOR OF COLD STORAGE EGGS by opening and airing them for a few hours before using. When used for breakfast, open them the night before.—Mrs. A. L. A., Houston, Texas.

OVER THE LAUNDRY TUBS hang a card containing directions for the removal of common stains, such as rust, grass, coffee and so on. Keep the remedies in a convenient box and you will save many garments.—E. S., Red Wing, Minnesota.

TO MAKE A TABLE-PAD from a cast-off counterpane, cut a piece the desired shape and size, single or double thickness, and cover with muslin. Machine-stitch around the edge and crosswise through the center.—Mrs. H. O. D., Jersey City, New Jersey.

A NAPKIN INSTEAD OF A BIB must often serve for a child away from home. This is uncomfortable because it bulges under the chin. If a knot is tied in one corner and slipped into the child's dress this trouble is avoided.—Mrs. E. D. S., Chicago, Illinois.

HEAT CURLING-IRONS in boiling water instead of a flame as they give a prettier wave and do not break the hair so much.—Mrs. S. M., Oakland, California.

DARN HOSE ON A SHOE-TREE instead of the small darning. The stocking will be less likely to be pulled out of shape by the stitches.—R. B., Manchester, Tennessee.

WHEN ICE RUNS LOW and only a small bit remains, put it into the fireless-cooker. Pack milk and butter around it. It will last longer than in the larger refrigerator.—Mrs. W. T. T., Brooklyn, New York.

## The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 14]

added, "There's Java. I've never been to Java."

Neale came up now, and with Neale's bluntness in such matters, "Train's due in a minute or two," he said. "Where's Mr. Welles?"

Marise said: "Over there, with Paul. I'll go and tell them to come back here." She found them both, hand in hand, sitting on the edge of the truck which carried the leather-covered boxes and wicker-basket trunks bound for Biskra or beyond, and the square, department-store trunk marked Elm Street, Macon, Georgia.

"Mother," said Paul, "Mr. Welles has promised me that he'll come up and visit us summers, sometimes."

"There's no house in the whole world where you'll always be more welcome," said Marise with all her heart, holding out her hand. Mr. Welles shook it hard, and held it in both his. As the train whistled screamingly at the crossing, he looked earnestly into her face and tried to tell her something, but the words would not come.

As she read in his pale, old face and brave, steady eyes what he would have said, Marise put her arms around his neck

and kissed him. "Good-by, dear Mr. Welles," was all she said; but in the clinging of his old arms around her and in the quivering, shining face she showed as they moved down the platform together, she knew that they had not needed words.

Paul clung to his hand till the last moment. Marise, looking down at the little boy's freckled, sober face, had the intuition: "This is one of the moments Paul will never forget."

"Well, good-by Paul," said Mr. Welles, shaking hands with him.

"Well, good-by," said Paul, dryly, setting his jaw hard.

Old Mr. Welles scrambled up the steps into the dusty day-coach.

Neale carried Eugenia's two small bags down to the drawing-room car, and handed them to the porter. The two women kissed each other on both cheeks, hurriedly, as someone cried, "All aboard." Eugenia took Neale's outstretched hand. "Good-by, Neale," she said.

With the porter's aid she mounted the rubber-covered steps into the shining mahogany and upholstery of the drawing-

[Continued on page 12]



## The Mystery Cake—Can You Name It?

THIS new Royal Cake is so delicious and appetizing that we have been unable to give it a name that does justice to its unusual qualities. It can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you taste it and name it?

### \$100 For the Best Name

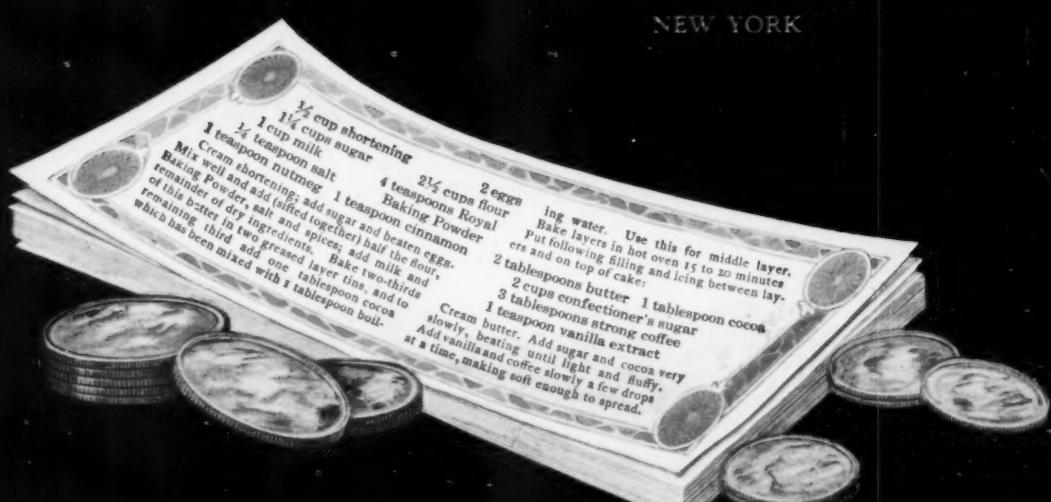
For the name selected as best, we will pay \$100. For the second, third and fourth choice, we will pay \$75, \$50 and \$25 respectively. Anyone may enter the contest but only one name from each person will be considered.

The names will be judged and prizes awarded by a committee composed of Harriett Ellsworth Coates, Culinary Authority, Lilian Gunn, Director of Food Bureau, McCall's Magazine, Marie Sellers, Household Editor, Pictorial Review—in conjunction with the Director of the Royal Educational Department.

All names must be received by April 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY

134 WILLIAM STREET  
NEW YORK





The Linoleum shown in this illustration is No. 818.

## *Floors That Make a Room*

HAVE you ever seen a really fine room that was floored with Armstrong's Linoleum? If not, you have a surprise awaiting you.

As a nation we must revise our old notions of linoleum. In the finest European residences it is often used in preference to parquetry for all types of rooms.

Take this nursery, for example; linoleum has many advantages when used in the children's room. It is easy to clean, and sanitary; free from crevices, warping and splintering; resilient, noiseless, and comfortable for children to play on.

As a matter of fact, the use of Armstrong's Linoleum makes real and possible your dreams of perfection in the color-scheme of any room. Brown or green, blue or gray, tan or pink—you can live in the colors you love best.

The Circle A trade-mark on the burlap back is your guarantee that it is Armstrong's Linoleum. It is flexible and not easy to tear.

When cemented down firmly over felt paper (by your merchant) you have a permanent floor—one which will set off your fabric rugs effectively. Rubbed occasionally with a good floor wax, it will not show marks or spots.

Ask your merchant to show you Armstrong's Linoleum in the attractive plain colors, the Jaspés (two-color effects), the Parquetry, Carpet Inlays and Printed Patterns. In Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum the colors run clear through to the burlap back.

Of course you use linoleum for kitchen and bathroom; but you owe it to yourself to write for our book telling about its use "for every room in the house."

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"  
Second Edition

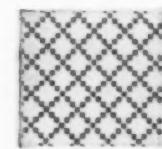
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

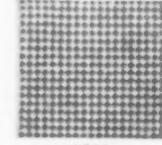
Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. A thoroughly trained decorator in charge. No fees.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY  
Linoleum Dept., 908 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

HERE are other patterns of Armstrong's Linoleum that are equally appropriate for the nursery. Order from your merchant the pattern of your choice by the number shown beneath it.



3450



0200



8771



8213



8861

**Armstrong's Linoleum**  
CIRCLE A TRADEMARK REC. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
for Every Floor **A** in the House

## Here Are Brushes

One For Every Odd Use



THE MOST STUBBORN VARNISH WILL SURRENDER TO THE COMBINED FORCES OF A LIQUID VARNISH REMOVER AND A SHARP, STURDY SCRAPER. A LITTLE HONEST ELBOW GREASE IS A USEFUL REINFORCEMENT.



TO FINISH THE JOB, A POLISHER IN ONE HAND AND A SAND-PAPERER IN THE OTHER WILL SOON REMOVE ALL TRACE OF VIOLENCE AND LEAVE THE FLOOR SMOOTH AND GLEAMING



EVERY HOUSEKEEPER WILL APPRECIATE THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS BROOM COVERER, WHICH OPENS UP THE SIDE



A BRUSH FOR THE TOILET, WITH A CROOKED HANDLE, IS A CAPABLE CLEANER; NO CREVICE CAN ESCAPE



A POLISHING MITTEN IS AN OLD STORY, BUT ONE WITH A SEPARATE THUMB IS SOMETHING NEW AND EVER SO MUCH BETTER



YOUR WALLPAPER WILL TAKE ON A SECOND YOUTH IF RUBBED WITH THIS SOFT ERASER-LIKE SUBSTANCE



FLOOR BRUSH WITH TURNED UP ENDS TO REACH CORNERS, AN OIL FLOOR-MOP WITH FLEXIBLE HANDLE, A SHORT-HANDED BRUSH, A STIFF FIBER STAIR-BRUSH, A LITTLE WIRE BRUSH TO REMOVE THE HAIRS FROM A CARPET SWEEPER, AND A DOUBLE-ENDED BRUSH TO REMOVE DUST FROM UPHOLSTERY AND THEN TO WHISK IT OFF

A HANDLE SCREWS INTO A FLOOR-WAXER OR POLISHER SO THAT IT CAN BE USED WITHOUT DESCENDING TO ONE'S KNEES



**Alice Brady** — delightful on the screen and in the spoken drama for the elegance and distinction of her grooming—regards the care of the hands as one of the most important of the subtleties of beauty. She says: "I have found Cutex the quickest and most effective way of taking care of my nails."

## Don't cut the cuticle—it protects the most sensitive thing in the world

WHEN we want to describe an injury to our most delicate sensibilities, we say that we have been "cut to the quick." Yet every time you trim the cuticle you risk this in a literal sense.

It is almost impossible to trim off dead cuticle without cutting into the live cuticle which is the only protection of the nail root, lying only 1-12 of an inch beneath.

To heal these wounds, nature immediately builds up a covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This is why, when you cut the cuticle, it grows up coarser and more ragged than before.

Yet when the cuticle dries, splits and forms hangnails it must be removed somehow. To do this simply and safely without cutting, try the new method provided in Cutex. Cutex Cuticle Remover is a harmless liquid that acts on the dry, dead cuticle as soap and water act on dirt; leaving a delightfully smooth, even nail rim. But a beautiful, even cuticle calls for immaculate nail tips, and both demand smoothly polished nails.

To give your nails the grooming that present day standards require:

**First,** the Cuticle Remover: Apply around the nail with an orange stick wrapped in absorbent cotton. Rinse the fingers, and when drying them, push the cuticle gently downward with the towel, whereupon all the

dead, dry cuticle will wipe away.

**Next,** the Nail White: Squeeze it under the nails directly from the convenient tube with the pointed top. It will remove stains and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which they never look quite freshly manicured.

**Finally,** the Polish: A jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails across the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing, with the liquid polish.

Try a Cutex manicure today. However ragged your cuticle may have become through cutting, a single application of the Cuticle Remover will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of the nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

Cutex Manicure sets come in three sizes. At 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each item separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

### Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 1003, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN  
Dept. 1003, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....





## In a Week You will see that it pays

This new method of teeth cleaning shows its benefits quickly. Some results are very rapid. Man, woman or child will in a week see effects delightful and convincing. Millions have already seen them.

Old ways of teeth cleaning leave much of the film. That viscous coat you feel clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. That film dims teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, all those troubles have been constantly increasing. The new way fights that film.

### Film—the great enemy

Film is now known as the teeth's great enemy. It absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food sub-

stance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

### Science combats it

Dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat that film each day. The ways are efficient, as proved by able authorities. Now leading dentists everywhere advise them.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Other modern essentials are also found in it. Everyone is urged, by a ten-day test, to compare this new way with the old.

### Each use brings five effects

Pepsodent reaches wherever the film goes, and attacks it in two effective ways. It also gives three vital aids to Nature.

It multiplies the salivary flow, Nature's tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize

the acids which cause tooth decay.

It polishes teeth so highly that film cannot easily adhere. Pepsin is also included.

These effects accord with modern dental requirements. They mean such cleansing, such protection as old ways never brought. Get this 10-Day Tube and see how much they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent**  
PAT. OFF.  
REG. U. S.  
*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, which also acts in other essential ways. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 408, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

### What you will see

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific reasons for the other good effects. It will mean a new era in teeth cleaning.



### Uncle Sam's Correspondence School

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the free edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below; the others may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Washington Bureau, always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

CARE OF CHILDREN.—This booklet, issued by the Children's Bureau, discusses the care of children from 2 to 6 years of age. It covers living conditions, food, clothing, play, exercise, discipline, hygiene and education and first aid. Write to our Washington Bureau for a copy.

HOME LAUNDERING.—This booklet tells of conveniences and methods which will lighten the burden of washing and ironing. Write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask for F. B. 1099.

PEANUT BUTTER USES.—The bureau of Plant Industry has issued a booklet describing how peanut butter is made in factories and how to make it cheaply at home. Peanut butter contains one and one-half times as much protein and three times as much fuel value as round steak, though it costs less. Write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for Department Circular 128.

ECONOMICAL USE OF MEAT.—With the help of this booklet one can find out the proportion of bone or waste in a cut and learn how to choose more economically. It also contains instructions for the preparation of meat. A copy may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 391.

BIRD HOUSES.—By selecting a birdhouse of the proper size you can attract the bird you want. This booklet contains directions and illustrations for making the proper type of house. Write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, and ask for F. B. 609.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Better and cheaper eggs can be secured by preserving them at home, following the directions for the water glass method given in this booklet. Get a copy from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., by asking for F. B. 1109.

HADDOCK USES.—In markets east of the Rocky Mountains the delicious haddock is plentiful and low priced. This booklet contains recipes for haddock and finnan haddie. Get a copy through our Washington Bureau.

HOW TO ATTRACT BIRDS.—Birds feed upon practically all insect pests and keep down the tide of insect life. The Biological Survey has issued three booklets about birds. They are F. B. 844 for the Middle Atlantic States, F. B. 621 for the Northeastern States, and F. B. 760 for the Western States. Write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the copy which applies to your section.

TILEFISH.—Tilefish is plentiful in the markets of New England and the Middle Atlantic States. Get this booklet from our Washington Bureau and discover the possibilities of this fish.

SALT-WATER MUSSELS.—Salt-water mussels are closely related to clams and oysters and are equally delicious. This booklet contains recipes for preparing and cooking. Get a copy from our Washington Bureau.

EXTERMINATING COCKROACHES.—House roaches can be controlled, if not exterminated, by the use of a practically new chemical known as sodium fluorid. Get a copy of the booklet from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

SELECTION OF POULTRY BREEDERS.—This booklet is especially for boys and girls interested in poultry keeping. It gives information which should lead to an ample supply of good hatching eggs and better poultry next year. Address the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask for F. B. 116.

TREE SURGERY.—This booklet is intended as a guide for those who take care of their own trees. A copy may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 1178.



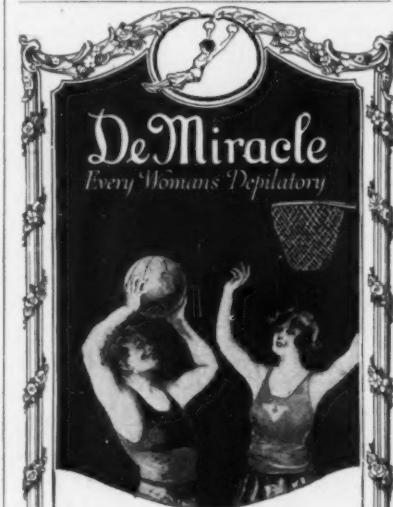
### VASELINE" Camphor Ice

A valuable winter requisite for chapped face and hands. It penetrates and softens the skin, allaying irritation caused by nipping winds. In boxes and tubes.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.  
(Consolidated)

17 State Street New York

**Vaseline**  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
**CAMPHOR ICE**  
For Chapped, Rough and Broken Skin



### Hair-free Underarms

WHETHER your costume be athletic togs or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth. The only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to devitalize it. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle.

Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle, is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, and Medical Journals, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. Try DeMiracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00  
At all toilet counters, or direct from us,  
in plain wrapper, on receipt of 6c,  
\$1.00 or \$2.00, which includes war tax.

**DeMiracle**  
Dept. X-15, Park Ave. and 129th St., N. Y. C.

# This Style Book is Yours—Free!

There is a Saving this Spring of \$50. for You on Your Family's Needs

The "NATIONAL" Policy Always to Please the Customer

Your Money Back if You Want It

## THE "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book



NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.



OUT of the "NATIONAL" Style Book steps the woman made beautiful by Fashion. From Fifth Avenue Hat, to "NATIONAL" Dress, and Coat or Suit, even to the shoes, there is the beauty and charm called Style.

And, best of all, that Woman of Style may just as well be you.

Your "NATIONAL" Style Book—and one copy IS YOURS free—shows everything needed to bring to you all that style can give.

For men who believe that appearance is desirable and service essential, there are suits and overcoats and shirts and shoes—**everything** of quality for men.

For young Misses of fashion, there are dresses and coats and hats with the charm of youth. For young men and boys, everything in clothes of quality—for the whole family everything of the best New York Style. But there is more—far more.

### A \$50.00 Saving on Your Family's Needs

This very Spring there is a big saving on your family's needs. There is a double saving—for goods of "NATIONAL" Quality are always an economy, and there is a \$50.00 saving in price besides.

### Here Are the Prices for Spring

All-Silk Taffeta Dresses . . . . .	from \$11.98 to \$25.00
Last Spring's Prices were . . . . .	from \$21.98 to \$54.50
All-Silk Georgette Waists . . . . .	from \$3.25 to \$10.95
Last Spring's Prices were . . . . .	from \$6.98 to \$21.50
Waists of the Stylish Cotton Fabrics . . . . .	from 98¢ to \$5.98
Last Spring's Prices were . . . . .	from \$1.39 to \$8.98
Men's All-Wool Worsted or Cassimere Suits . . . . .	from \$22.85 to \$34.98
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## The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 26]

room car. "Good luck, *bon voyage!*" called Neale after her. She did not turn around or look back.

The conductor signaled widely, the whistle shrieked, the wheels groaned. Neale drew Marise a little back out of the whirl of dust, and stood holding her arm for an instant. It seemed to Marise that, as they stood there, she caught a last glimpse of Eugenia, behind plate-glass, looking at them gravely, steadily.

Paul suddenly caught sight of Mr. Welles, snatched off his cap, waved it frantically, over and over, long after the train was only an echoing roar.

Then the mountain silence settled down about them and they could hear their own hearts beat, and knew the thoughts in their own minds. As they went back to their battered Ford, Marise said thoughtfully: "Somehow I believe that it will be a long time before we see Eugenia again."

Neale made no comment, but Marise cried out to him accusingly: "You might as well say it, that you can support life if it is."

Neale laughed and put his foot on the starter. "Get in behind, Paul."

He added, as they started up the hill road: "I had a sort of notion this morning that Eugenia was beginning to show her age."

Marise hid the fact that she had had the same idea, and opposed: "Eugenia would laugh at that from you; the husband of such a frankly middle-aged thing as I."

Neale was silent for a moment, and then: "You'll always look younger than she—no, not younger, that's not it at all—it's living you look."

"Why Neale!" said Marise, astonished and touched.

"Yes, quite a flight of fancy for me, wasn't it?" he commented casually.

Marise felt Paul lean over her shoulder, from the back of the car. "Say, Mother, would you just as soon get back in here with me for a while?"

Neale stopped the car. Marise stepped out and in, and seated herself beside Paul. He had nothing to say after all; but presently he moved close to his mother and leaned his head against her breast. She held him close to her, the tears in her eyes.

Vignettes from Home Life  
September 10th.

MARISE turned around on the piano-stool, her head humming with the tantalizing beauties and intricacies of the page she had been reading, and considered Elly, who had come in behind her and was saying something urgently. How Elly did grow! That dress was already too small for her.

Elly was saying, "Mother, one of my chickens looks sick, and I don't know what to do. I wish you'd come!"

Marise began a process of mentally weighing which was more important, her music or Elly's chicken; but she decided that the music could at least wait while the chicken might not. She got up, saying, "All right, Elly, we'll see what we can do."

Elly pulled her along rapidly.

"Oh, Mother, there he is, lying down! He's worse!" She ran forward and stooped over a little panting, yellow ball.

Marise's eyes caught the unmistakable aspect of death in the tiny creature lying there.

"Mother!" cried Elly. "He can't get his breath. Mother!" Marise felt the child's agitation and alarm knock at her heart. She looked down helplessly at the little dying creature. That tiny, tiny scrap of down-covered flesh to be alive, to contain the miracle and mystery of life, and now to be struggling, all alone, with the miracle and mystery of death.

The little thing opened its glazing eyes once more, drew a long breath and lay still. An age-old inherited knowledge and experience told Elly what had happened. She gave a scream, picked it up and held it in her cupped hands, her little face drawn in horrified incredulity. She looked up at her mother and said in a whisper, "Mother, he's dead!"

Marise nodded silently. Elly stood perfectly still, the little ball of yellow down in her hands, her face pale. She said in a low voice, "But Mother, how can he be dead—just so quick while we were looking at him? He was alive a minute ago! And in just a minute like that . . . nothing!"

She looked around her wildly. "Mother, where has his life gone to?"

Marise put her arm around the little girl's shoulders tenderly, but she only shook her head without a word. She did not

[Continued on page 33]

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## The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 32]

know any more than Elly where his life had gone.

Elly looked up at her. "Mother," she asked urgently, in a loud, frightened whisper, "Mother, do we die like that? Mother, will you die like that? All in a moment—and then—nothing?"

It came like thunder, then, what Marise had never thought to feel. With a clap, she found that this time she had something to answer, something to say to Elly. Looking deep, deep into Elly's eyes, she said firmly with a certainty as profound as it was new to her, "No, Elly, I don't believe we do die like that—all in a moment—nothing."

She was astonished by what she said, astonished by the sudden overflowing of something she had not known was there, but which was so great that her heart could not contain it: "Come une onde qui bout dans une urne trop pleine." And she was as moved as she was astonished. Elly came into her arms with a comforted gasp. They clung to each other closely, Marise's ears humming with the unfamiliar beauty of that new page at which she had had that instant's glimpse. Here was a new harmony, a new progression, a new rhythm to which her ear had but just opened . . . !

October

Would Vincent come back at all? Marise had wondered so often. Not Vincent in the flesh; that last, angry, bewildered gesture had finality in it. He had given her up then, totally. But would he come back to haunt her, in those inevitable moments of the flat ebb-tide, when what should be moist and living, withered and crisped in the merciless drought of drudgery and routine? She frankly dreaded it at first.

But it was not then that he came, not when she was toiling with dishes to wash, or vegetables to pare, or the endless care of the children's never-in-order clothes. Instead, she found in those moments which had been arid before, a curious new savor. Having once contemplated life without it, she felt some odd value in it which she could not have gone without. Once she said to herself: "It's ballast."

But after a share of such work, the reading of the day's news of the world brought her a less oppressive sense of guilt. And stranger than this, music had a greater vitality for her.

And here it was that Vincent came back. Not the Vincent of the hawk-like, imperious face, or burning eyes of desire; but the Vincent who had come in from the porch that day in March, when she had first played to him; who had smiled at her, the good, grateful, peaceful smile; and had said to her music: "Go on, go on." It was the same Vincent of the afternoon in Cousin Hetty's garden, when the vulture of the desire-to-possess had left him for a moment in peace. Often and often he came thus, as she played, and leaned his head back and said: "Go on." And thus Marise knew he would always come; and thus she welcomed him.

This was what was left of him in the house he had so filled with smoky, flaming brilliance.

January, 1921

She was putting away the clean sheets from the washing, on the shelves at the end of the hall, upstairs, her mind entirely on the prosaic task. Someone stirred behind her, and she turned her head quickly to see who was there. It was Neale, come in early. He was standing looking at her back and, in the instant before he saw that she had turned, she caught the expression on his face—the tender, fathomless affection that was there.

A warm gush of happiness surged up all over her.

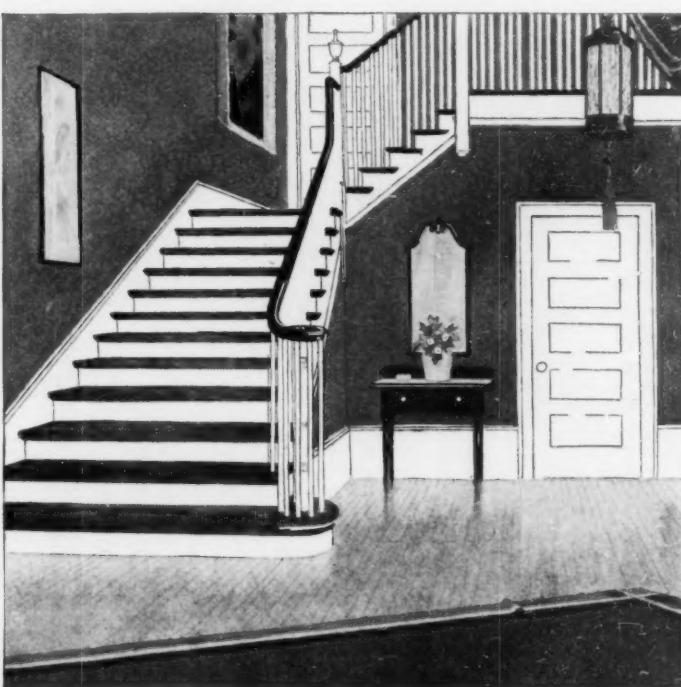
"Oh, Neale!" she said, under her breath, flushing and turning to him. He looked at her, his strong, resolute face and clear eyes smiled, and opening his arms he drew her into them.

The ineffable memory of all the priceless past, the ineffable certainty of the priceless future was in their kiss.

That evening, after a long hour at the piano, she chanced to take down the Largo of the Chopin Sonata. Something stirred in her mind, some memory that instantly lived with the first notes of the music.

This was the memory of the time when she had played, almost a year ago, and had thought how intimacy and familiarity with music only deepened and enriched and strengthened its hold on you. She finished

[Continued on page 34]



## A Hallway with a Welcome

It is color harmony brought about by the painting that makes a hallway or any room radiate a welcome. Consider, for example, the sheen of snowy enameled surfaces against the lustrous glow of dark woodwork. There is no finer enamel than the Acme Quality Kind to create this harmonious contrast.

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½ cup shortening	1 cup boiling water
3 cups flour	1 teaspoon cinnamon
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Put sugar, molasses and shortening into bowl, mix well, add water and baking soda, which has been dissolved in a little hot water; add ginger and cinnamon. Sift flour; add and beat well; last, add the well washed and dried raisins. Bake in Turk's head or brick pan, which has been lined with paper, in moderate oven 45 minutes.

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### The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 33]

the last note of the largo and sat silent. She was thinking that her marriage was like that, too.

February 24

Marise had been drilling the chorus in the Town Hall of Ashley after the men's working hours, and now, in the dimming light of the early evening, was going home on snow-shoes, over the upper road.

The snow fell thickly and steadily, a cold, finely-spun straight-hung curtain, veiling all the muffled, sleeping valley. Within her were ringing echoes of the rhythms and cadences of the afternoon's struggle. Suddenly she heard again all those men's voices, singing out the glorious measures, pure and strong and free.

The snow fell more and more thickly, covering her as she stood with a fine, soft mantle of white. She had heard the men talking about signs of the winter break-up, and remembering this now—looking about the frozen, buried, beautiful valley and up to the frozen towering mountains—she thought that spring seemed as unreal and impossible as a child's fairy tale.

Then suddenly, bursting out of the dimming distance, close in front of her, flying low, silently, strongly, a pair of great wild geese went winging off toward the North—their gray shapes the only moving thing in all the frost-held world.

Marise drew a great breath of delight. They went beating off, fast and straight, for their unseen destination, while, treading the velvet-like snowdrifts with her strong, free tread, Marise went home.

March 10

A letter from Eugenia:

I'm planning to make the trip to the Malay temples in the jungle. Biskra was deadly, and Italy worse . . . vulgarity and commonness everywhere. What an absolutely dreary outlook wherever one turns one's eyes! There is no corner of the modern world that is not vulgar and common.

A letter from Mr. Welles:

The life here is full of interest and change, and it's like dew on my dusty old heart to see the vitality of the joy-life of these half-disinherited people. I'm just being made over by contact with them, and having more fun than a little. Give my love to Paul, and say that I am saving up for the fishing-pole I am going to use with him next summer.

March 15, Midnight

From a profound sleep—serene, warm infinity of rest—Marise was wakened by a little outcry near the bed, a sobbing voice saying through chattering teeth: "Mother! Father!"

Still drowned in sleep, Marise cried out: "What? What's that?" And then: "Oh, you, Elly. What's the matter, dear?" "Oh, Mother, it was an awful dream this time. Can't I get into bed with you?" "Why yes, come along, you dear little silly."

The fumbling approach to the bed; Marise holding the sheets open and stretching out her hand toward the little fingers, groping for hers; their clutch at her hand with a quick anguish of relief and joy! "Oh, Mother!"

Then the little shivering body rolling into bed; the little cold arms tight around her neck; the cold, smooth, petal-like cheek against hers. Marise reached over beyond Elly and tucked the covers in with one arm, drew the child closer to her, and herself drew closer to Neale—conscious, sleepy and happy, of Elly's dear, tender limbs on one side of her, and of Neale's strong body on the other.

Her eyelids fell shut in an infinite content. She felt herself falling asleep again. She was almost gone. . . . Somebody was speaking again. . . . Elly's voice, calmer now, wistful and wondering, as though she were lying awake and trying to think.

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"Mother, aren't you and father afraid of anything?"

Marise was wide awake now, thinking hard. She felt Neale stir, grope for her hand and hold it firmly. . . . Neale's strong hand. . . . Their two hands clasped together, his and hers.

She knew what she was saying; yes, she knew all that it meant, when she answered: "No, Elly, I don't believe we are."

[THE END]

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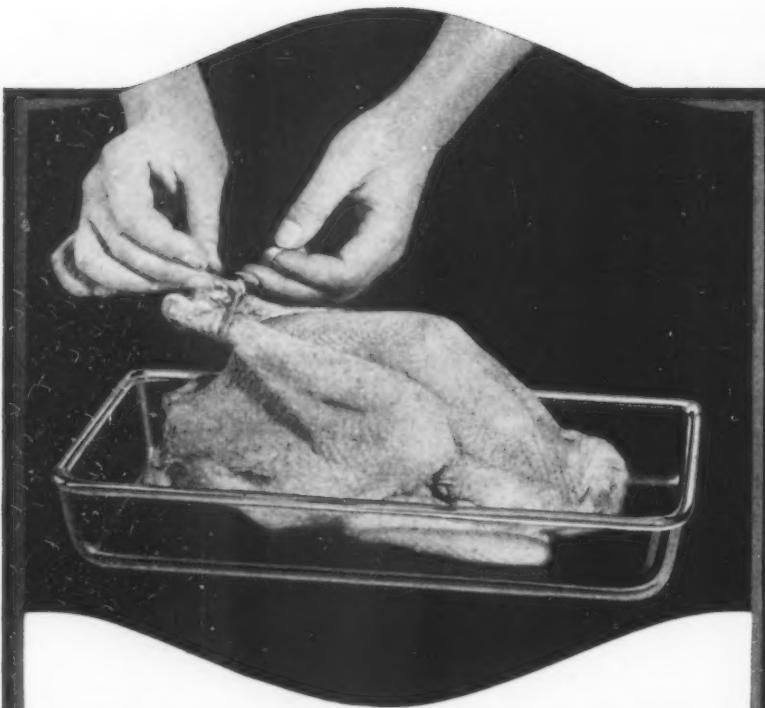
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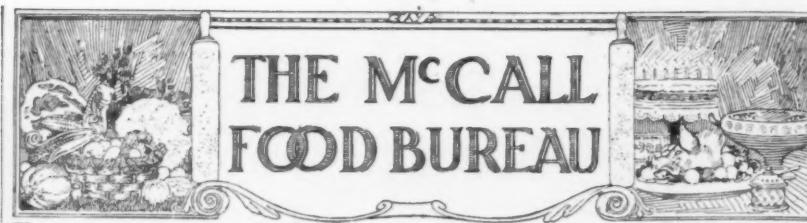
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## Talk About Tea

By Janet Fox Wing

**A**FTERNON tea! What a cozy, gossipy, refreshing time those words suggest! There is the dainty tea-table, with its gleaming, singing spirit lamp, its fragile cups and saucers, its sugar bowl and cream pitcher and dish of sliced lemon, the tea caddy and bowl and strainer, and best of all, the fat, cordial teapot.

### DEMOCRATIC TEA

The place of afternoon tea is not primarily the elaborate drawing-room of the society woman. It is a cheerful, democratic beverage which belongs especially to the housewife or the fagged teacher or business person. In England they realize this. In the offices tea is served at four o'clock to everyone, and during the war the Tommies in the trenches had their cheering cup in the afternoon.

Here the busy housemother is coming to it. That hour of relaxation when those of the family who are home and perhaps a stray caller or two gather together so informally and so genially for the fragrant brew, endows her with new enthusiasm. The task of preparing dinner seems like nothing at all and her impression of the whole day is turned from drab to brightness.

The wise business girl combines her visits with her friends with leisurely tea, instead of luncheon, when her mind is harking back to office cares and the progress of the clock.

### THE PERFECT BREW

But the success of the little ceremony comes back to the success of the tea-making. The tea experts tell us that the reason the custom of afternoon tea is not more general in America is primarily that we don't make good tea. There is little excuse for this when the process and ingredients are so simple—freshly boiling water, china or earthenware pot, scald it, teaspoonful of good tea to two cups, add water, let draw five minutes, serve. If one follows the English tradition, a wadded covering—the tea cozy—keeps the pot snug while the tea is drawing.

Expensive tea is not an extravagance, for it goes almost twice as far as a poor quality, and it makes all the difference in the beverage. A pound of fine tea makes three hundred cups, so you can see how small the expense is even at a dollar and a half to two dollars a pound.

Granted that you will purchase tea of good quality, the next question is what kind of all the array of varieties to buy.

The fact first to bear in mind is that all tea of commerce comes from one kind of plant, the varieties depending upon the country in which it is grown, upon the position of the leaf on the tree and upon the treatment of the leaf after plucking.

For years, good Oolong and Formosa tea were the only ones known extensively in this country, but within the last few years Ceylon and India teas have come to be very popular.

### THE LOVELIEST NAME

Orange Pekoe is the most fashionable tea of the moment. Its alluring name may have something to do with that. It is made from the tiny yellow tipped leaves at the top of the stalk. These are the newest, tenderest and most juicy part of the tea bush and supply the finest tea. Orange Pekoe is usually recognizable as it is more tightly rolled than the leaves from the lower part of the tea bush and on this account preserves the essential oil necessary to fine-flavored tea more easily.

Oolong tea has a small greenish yellow leaf scattered through it. The best grades are splendid for flavoring teas because of the intense pungency and the piquancy of the flavor; but used alone, this variety is not so popular as in combination with Ceylon or India tea.

English Breakfast is a name which has come to mean nothing very definite. It was originally applied to a certain brand, but there has been no uniformity in following the specifications for it.

In the old days, we used to buy our tea in bulk, out of a highly decorated black-and-gold bin in the grocery store, a box that was opened many times a day to admit the scoop and, incidentally, air, dust, and the odors of other groceries. Good tea is very sensitive to the qualities of the surrounding atmosphere in giving off its own fine flavor and acquiring less desirable flavors; so if one wants the same brew at each purchase, it is safest to buy the tightly sealed package.

Tea customs differ the world over, and here in America, we have some conventions of our own.

The informal tea which is served to the family or to a chance caller does not have a table set for it in advance. At the proper time a tray or tea-wagon is brought in with all the necessary accessories. However, some people do keep a tea table always set.

A nest of tables is a pleasant possession to have at tea-time, when there are to be half a dozen or so guests. The tables are distributed about the room, except the largest, which is left for the hostess for serving. The little tables give one a comfortable place to set one's cup.

A pleasant custom that is followed a great deal in cities and small towns would be equally suitable for villages or country districts. One sends out one's calling card, on which is engraved or written in the left-hand corner: "Thursdays, four to six," or possibly: "First and third Mondays until Easter." This signifies that one will be in on those afternoons and ready to receive callers. For an "At Home" the service is the same as for any informal tea. There should be no elaboration of edibles to accompany the tea, although sandwiches with dainty fillings and bonbons or nuts may replace the plain bread-and-butter sandwiches or toast which is customary on ordinary occasions. In such a case, the hostess serves tea herself.

Even for an afternoon tea at home a fresh touch may be added by some little dainty such as slices of orange as well as lemon, a little dish of cloves, and a maraschino cherry for each cup.

The crispness of rice wafers makes them a particularly welcome accompaniment of a cup of tea. Crackers with butter sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar and put in the oven for a moment are simple and delicious, as are marguerites made either with white of egg or with marshmallow whip. Cheese crackers and bread sticks are welcome too. And if one maintains that delightful institution, a cookie jar, it will contribute of its store.

For a large tea, the hostess delegates some friend to pour out. The tea-table should be carefully placed, so that it and its fixings and surroundings, and the costume and appearance of the person who is pouring, all make a delightful picture.

For this formal occasion, the menu may include several kinds of sandwiches, salted nuts, bonbons, fancy cakes, and olives and even an ice.





## Orange Jell-O

© 1921, BY THE GENESSEE PURE FOOD COMPANY



**A**mericans have a way with desserts that is all our own. It is an Anglo-Saxon trait to eat a heavy pie or pudding that is a meal in itself after a hearty dinner; and we alone of all people discourage the flow of gastric juices by generous servings of frozen ices and creams as a last course. The ideal dessert is one that is light, not too sweet, delicate and not an added burden to digestion; a dainty, for a gracious "farewell," not a substantial course.

Dishes that have gelatine as a basis have just these characteristics. They melt in the mouth, they are chilled without being frozen, solid without being hard, and they furnish nutrition in the way of protein and sugars, supplemented by the whipped cream or fruit that is added to them. Plain or with cream, they make an ideal dessert for children, giving a sweet taste without an undue amount of sugar.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE INSTITUTE  
Anne Lewis Pierce, Director

# JELL-O

*America's Most Famous Dessert*

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general stores and department stores.



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Genessee Pure Food Company  
are at LeRoy, N.Y., the Can-  
adian at Bridgeburg, Ont.

*Write today for this  
FREE  
Rug Book*



*It is just as easy to tie up your old carpets and clothing and send them to us to be made into new VELVETY RUGS as it is to dispose of them in your usual way. Send today for catalogue.*



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LET US SHOW YOU how to get the new rug you long for at a money saving of one-half by having your old carpets, rugs and old clothing re-dyed and re-woven into OLSON VELVETY RUGS in the harmonious, two-toned effects now in vogue. Their splendid quality is equal to that of the highest grade Wilton and Axminster rugs. Write today for your copy of OLSON'S new Spring rug book. You will find 32 pages of correctly decorated rooms shown in actual colors. Every page you turn reveals another delightful surprise—cozy rooms, livable rooms that represent the latest ideas of leading interior decorators.

### SEND YOUR **Old Carpets, Rugs and Old Clothing**

No matter what color your old material may be—no matter how faded or thread bare—we guarantee to reclaim the wool in it by our special process of washing, carding, combing, and respinning, and then re-dye and re-weave this wool into bright, new OLSON VELVETY RUGS—firmly woven rugs that will lend charm to the finest home. VELVETY RUGS are made without seams in all sizes and colors. There are lovely, rich shades of brown, green, red, Delft blue, rose, taupe, gray, etc.—a fascinating choice of 31 new patterns. The pattern is the same on both sides. Being reversible, VELVETY RUGS have twice the life of the ordinary rug. Regardless of the price of new store rugs you will save at least 50c out of every \$1.00 by getting OLSON VELVETY RUGS.

### 15 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Use your new VELVETY RUGS on your floors two weeks, examine them closely—call in your friends, ask their opinion—then if you don't think your rugs are the biggest value you ever had for the money you have the right to return them at our expense. We will pay you liberally for your material.

### All Orders Completed in One Week

Over 1,000,000 customers all over the United States are convinced that the OLSON VELVETY RUG is the greatest rug value in this country today. Surely, rugs that have won the praise of so many others deserve your consideration. Unsolicited testimonial in never-ceasing flow have been our best advertisements for nearly half a century.

"My rugs arrived in first-class condition and they fully come up to my expectations, which is indeed a compliment, as one usually expects the impossible. I shall send you another order this Spring."

MRS. GEO. W. DAVIS, Wesleyville, Pa.

"I am delighted with my rugs. They are just as represented in your catalogue. Several of my neighbors have been in to see them and all are enthusiastic in their praise, and none more so than those who tried to discourage me about sending old carpets to be made up. I will gladly recommend your work in the future."

MRS. G. H. PARHAM, Necedah, Wis.

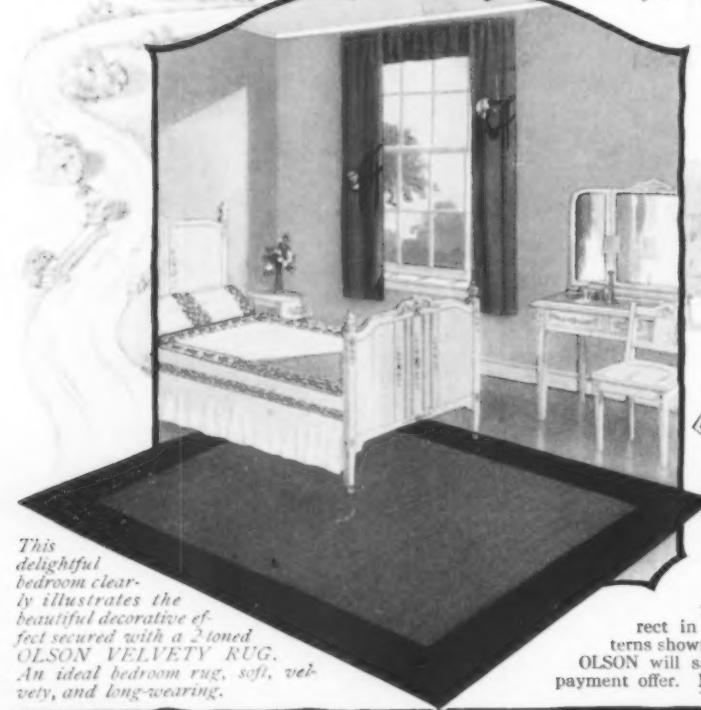
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**OLSON RUG COMPANY** CHICAGO III.



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State \_\_\_\_\_

# DOUBLE BARRIERS

[Continued from page 11]

You old horse thief, he read, if Dorothy and I hadn't known you a thousand years, and if we weren't the most forgiving people in the world I would never take the time of an overpaid secretary to dictate another line to you. This letter, however, concerns a special matter: the last reunion at which the graduates of our respected Alma Mater can conduct themselves in a manner reminiscent of the brave days before they legislated us out of the other 97 1/4%.

*Snie and Red and Stewart are all going back. You're the only member who wears the Military Cross, and we want you. I'm speaking for the class of 19—.*

Besides, Dorothy and I are opening "Broad Acres" early this spring and we're having "South Corridor" down for a house-party. There'll be golf and sailing—and all of us. Let the spring planting go, you're only a gentleman farmer after all.

Dorothy says bring Mrs. H. too if you think she'd enjoy it.

*Yours for the last big celebration,*

Dick.

Havener sat on the cement block and stared across the road at the sodden acres and the lowering horizon. He was lonely, lonely as only a sensitive man can be who knows that his misery is of his own making. He was too clear-headed to lay the blame for his present life upon any other shoulders. He had made his bed—well, he would have to lie in it.

But he wanted to go back. Dick Barclay's letter tantalized him with delightful, unfinished recollections of charming, unimportant, well-ordered lives; lives where the fight for existence was played along gentlemen's rules, and success assumed almost before the start. With a distinctness he did not believe possible, he visualized the existence of Richard Barclay and his wife, Dorothy—their dinners, where well-bred men and women talked smartly, where there was beauty and grace and assurance.

With a shudder he compared the raucous guffaws with which Jake Smithers had followed the ancient conundrum: "Know the story of the three holes in the ground? Well, well, well." This was the type of esprit for which John Havener had exchanged his old life. If hands had not been so difficult to secure he would have been tempted to discharge Jake Smithers, but instead he smiled and confessed it was a new one on him. After all, what did it matter now?

THREE years ago John Havener could not have conceived the possibility of his present existence. Yet how naturally it had come about.

First, there were the pleasant years at college, that had been a credit to the Havener traditions. He was a reasonably good student, he had made the right clubs and he was happy. Even his dissipations, indulged in company with Boston's smartest society, had rather redounded to his credit in his native New England town. An orphan, he was dependent on the largess of a bachelor uncle, the owner of the controlling stock in the Westhaven Boot and Shoe Company (and a farm in western Iowa). John Havener was fond of his uncle, of the proud and rather gloomy old homestead, of the provincial but well-bred Havener traditions.

His senior year in college he received a typewritten letter, on the Westhaven Boot and Shoe Company stationery, announcing the marriage of his uncle, Jacob Havener, and containing the intimation that he curtail his expenses and perhaps learn his law as an apprentice in a firm, rather than at Harvard. The humor of Jacob Havener's belated amour had impressed his nephew even more than the prospect of his own reversal of fortune.

"The president of the Westhaven Boot and Shoe Company has changed the patent-leather 'ties' of a bachelor for the carpet slippers of a Benedict," he joked to his roommate.

But John Havener's plans to study in the back office of Hale, Peabody, Sears, Sears and Hale, Lawyers, Boston, were destined never to be fulfilled. In September, 1917, he went abroad with an ambulance unit, soon to be assigned to work on the British front. Like all the rest of that little band of idealists, he was happy. It was all hideous and unreal, but he was content.

At Ypres he did a splendid, quite unnecessary, brave thing, which they told him about later in the hospital. And in his army trunk, stored away now beneath the eaves in the old homestead in Westhaven, was a small box containing a little purple and gold medal—the Military Cross.

It was at the hospital that Havener had met Seena, and she was kind to him. He couldn't sleep and she came to him and laid her strong white hand on his forehead. Once, when the pain was worst, she put her arms around him. They were

warm, and when he leaned against her he could feel her breathe. Seena Nelson was part of the great unreality, but she was peace. He was grateful to her as a man is grateful for spring and warmth and affection.

Before he left the hospital they told him his shoulder would always trouble him, but that those "noises" would become less insistent. In two, three years, he would be all right again. To hear people screaming when the ward was silent! It was madness. But Seena appeared to understand. She had cared for many boys like that in Base Hospital 47 B. E. F.

In September they were married by the hospital chaplain, and Havener was invalidated home to America. Seena returned to England for her "chest," and to say good-by to an indifferent uncle who had offered her a grudging shelter ever since she had run away from the tyranny of a peasant stepmother in Sweden. Seena Nelson's father had been a farmer, but her mother was a professor's daughter and a lady. "Not like the second one," she had said to Havener. "She no good, N. G."

At the dock he was grateful to the endless red-tape that had to be untangled before Seena's chest could be inspected and hoisted at length beside a taxi driver who hustled them to the station. As he sat by her, staring at the curious brown box which lurched from side to side, as the taxi jostled over the rough pavement, he was brought to the conclusion that there were a great many things concerning the human heart that he did not understand.

Things went rather better on the train. She was interested, he could see, though she talked little. "It is a good country, but rocky," she observed at last, as the train sped across the New England meadows.

"Yes," he answered, "those stones crop up every spring, like bubbles from the bottom of a well."

"A plow should run so—" she made a gesture—"I don't know the word." There was something suddenly appealing in her awkwardness.

Then Jacob Havener thought of the farm in Selby County, Iowa.

"She's a good investment," he had confided that night to his wife. "John ought

who had appeared in its counterpart on the Parisian stage. Perhaps Dorothy Barclay, slender, graceful and patrician, might have worn it. But Seena Nelson was not patrician. John Havener felt as though he had been struck a physical blow when, later, in the hotel, she told him she was ready and the cab was waiting.

They never spoke to each other about that evening. More than anyone else at the dinner he had realized something strange and alien in that little group of people. And the stranger was the wife of John Havener. They were sorry for him and their sympathy, inarticulate and narrow, was the hardest thing of all to bear.

Next day the doctor had done most of the talking to Seena. Her husband must go to a sanatorium first and then live out of doors—for two, three years. It seemed to John that they were disposing of him just as though he were not present, yet he was grateful for a will stronger than his own.

Jacob Havener was not surprised at the doctor's verdict. With complete assurance now, he broached the subject of his farm in Selby County, Iowa. In less than a month his nephew was installed in a convalescent hospital near Philadelphia, and Seena had departed for Iowa, fortified by three liberal drafts against a Des Moines bank and the dubious *bon voyage* of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Havener.

All that Seena endured that first winter, Havener could only guess, and the picture of her fortitude left him untouched. After all, she was of the class that served—with magnificence, untiring persistence. Unjust as he knew it to be, one is never grateful to that kind of person.

Havener came West, directly from the sanatorium. Like most Easterners, he knew little of the Middle States. To him they were neither magnificent, like the far West, nor picturesque, like his own country. There was something curiously depressing about the drab, ugly towns, where the only spots of color were the rain-soaked announcements of a circus that had toured the State the previous summer.

Seena was glad to see him and he, in turn, tried to pretend he was pleased with her, with the shiny new golden-oak dining-room set and the scarlet Brussels carpet.

"Swell?" she queried. Perhaps he only imagined her smile was pleading. "It's American, like the other folks' around here."

He conceded both points.

After all, what did it matter? The house was clean and there was work for him to do. After a while, he hoped, that sick feeling of loneliness and rebellion would go away. Seena left him alone much and he was grateful.

When they began the spring plowing, she worked with him. She was clever, even though the machinery was strange to her; and she was quite as strong as he. Later she busied herself indoors with butter and cheese-making, and the new American cooking. Like all farmers they lived in two rooms, downstairs—the kitchen, and the bedroom which opened from it.

Several times, however, Havener had been surprised not to find Seena to discover later that she had been "oop steers," as she expressed it. He knew there was an attic, but he had never been interested.

HE wondered now as he sat there, Dick Barclay's letter crumpled tight in his hand, if anything she could ever do would interest him. The best part of his life still stretched before him. Was he under any moral obligation to be miserable? In that moment he came to a decision. The letter inviting him home seemed like an answer to a prayer. He was going back to his own people, to his own life!

In the kitchen he found pen and ink. The paper was from the Grundy Center Emporium and tripped his pen maliciously as he wrote. He was coming back. They must all come back—Snip and Red and Stewart and Bummy. It was a silly letter, schoolboyish and very happy.

Seena was still in the garden. He hoped she hadn't seen him as he ran to the barn and hustled "Old Henery" between the shafts of a second-hand spring wagon. Seena or Jake might notice and ask questions, and he was in no mood for explanations.

All the way to town he scarcely saw the country. After all, there were days like this in New England, leaden days, wet and forbidding, but holding the prophecy of summer. It was the sort of weather they always had about exam time.

As he approached the station he heard the whistle of the afternoon passenger. If he could get that letter to the brakeman, it would be posted in Fort Dodge that night and be a whole half-day nearer its destination. Old Henery responded with a startled lurch to Havener's whip. Havener

[Continued on page 42]

## The Little Things

By Leonora Speyer

THE little things of every woman's day,  
The unimportant little more or less,  
Have all come back on busy-body wings,  
To fill the emptiness,  
The little things!

I had forgotten them! For I saw deep  
Within your eyes a thing you looked upon,  
Leaping and wild and clear-reflected there:  
The little things were gone,  
I did not care!

We played at being gods, we made the world  
A topsy-turvy place of splendid laughter,  
We tossed its tears to thirsty stars above—  
How bright the skies grew after—  
We played with love.

O little things of every woman's day,  
You lift fever from life's crimson vein,  
You calm and cool with your small happenings,  
You bring me peace again—  
Kind little things!

Curious that Seena's language, a mixture of rather ordinary British and American soldier slang, had never seemed anything but quaint and quite all right in those days. Most of the time, Havener decided, he probably hadn't noticed it at all. He had loved her so simply, so completely, that words were not necessary.

Back in his old room in the Westhaven mansion again, the world became real, and John Havener, surrounded by the portraits of his ancestors, began to wonder what inexplicable thing he had done. It was not easy to tell his uncle or his uncle's wife, a Boston woman, that he had taken into the family an ignorant Swedish farm-girl. For days he struggled to put it into words. He told them at last one afternoon at tea, as they sat in the shadow-filled library—a room that, like the family, had a certain austere dignity compensating for its lack of beauty. He was consciously on the defensive and he made a rather telling case.

The Boston aunt tried to be sympathetic and to say the tactful thing. "All that counts is that you should be happy," she ventured. "Of course, if you love her—" her voice trailed off into incredulity. They were kind to him but they would never understand.

As he stared, night after night, at the patch of moonlight on his bedroom floor, his heart was sick with apprehension and remorse. Had he been quite mad? Then he remembered the feeling of Seena Nelson's strong white hands and he appreciated that there had been a time when he needed her.

Seena's boat docked in Boston and Jacob Havener went down to the city to meet her. The Havener men were strangely alike, and Jacob Havener dreaded this meeting. He was ill at ease, not because he was a snob, but because he was afraid he wouldn't know what to say to her.

When Jack and Jill dress as  
Easter Rabbits  
Can you tell which costume  
Jack inhabits?

By Barbara Hale





## House all swept —and not tired out!

This light carpet sweeper is easily operated and carried about with one hand. No dust clouds, no stooping. Makes the daily sweeping quick and easy. Costs no more than half a dozen brooms and outlasts dozens of them. A real economy as well as a daily convenience.

If you now have a very old Bissell serving you faithfully, let your dealer show you a modern "Cyco" Ball Bearing Bissell—even easier running and more efficient. It will be a great time-saver to have them both—one for upstairs and one for down.

Beware of unknown sweepers offered at ridiculously low prices. Real economy is to buy a sweeper that will last. You can rely on a

## BISSELL'S

Bissell's New Lightweight Vacuum Sweeper has more suction than any other non-electric cleaner and more than some electric at a quarter of their price. Price list and booklet—"Sweeping Facts and Fallacies"—on request.

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Bring right to the counter or mail to us. All music taught. All lessons printed. Write today for free book.

Quinn Co. Boston, Mass.



## The Silk Hangings

[Continued from page 16]

"You—adopted—three children!"  
“Why, yes. It wasn't nothing. I wanted to, and I could, as well's not."

Mrs. Weatherstone, looking at the other woman across a vast gulf of economic disparity, smiled gently. “Yes,” she said in a low voice, “you could.”

Crink was uneasy. There was something in the interview that he did not understand. He felt the undercurrent, and could only infer that his beloved Penzie was being criticized. “You don't understand, Mrs. Weatherstone,” he plunged into defense. “It ain't a bit as you're thinking. We get along fine. I earn some money now, and old vegetables and things. And always have lots to eat—that is, except last week—” He caught a warning glance from Mrs. Penfield and stopped.

“Golly, what're you talking about?” burst out Lettie. “Who ever thought we didn't have the sweetest eats? Never was anybody like Penzie. Lordy, she's got me solid. I'd die fore I'd get h'isted outta here.”

“Children—children,” reproved Mrs. Penfield, who by quieter means had been unable to check these explanations.

Mrs. Weatherstone made no comment on the intimate revelations. She gathered up her muff and offered her hand to Mrs. Penfield.

“We'll all go out with you,” shouted Lettie. “And come again whenever you can, won't you? It's been awful int'rusting.”

The three children trooped after her, prodigal with entertaining comment, delighted with her response. After she had stepped into the car, they stood watching, hand in hand.

“Remember us to your daughters, won't you?” beamed Lettie, in a climactic ecstasy of politeness.

“Yes, thank you,” said Mrs. Weatherstone, not to be outdone.

In the moment before the car started, she looked again at the three children, in their made-over versions of clothing that had come out of her household.

“May the Lord forgive me,” she thought, “for what I have done to the innocent.”

A few days later an unbelievable thing happened. Mr. Crashaw came to interview Mrs. Penfield. He had seen Mrs. Weatherstone; he had seen the hangings and particularly the priceless bedspread. He offered Mrs. Penfield a hundred dollars in cash and a small block of stock in his laundry association in exchange for her formula and a certain amount of supervision until its use should be mastered in his various laundries.

“It will mean,” he told her, “about a thousand dollars a year—more, as the business grows.”

It was a fortune to Mrs. Penfield. To have a steady income, aside from her usual earnings, would mean a different life for the children.

After Mr. Crashaw had gone, she began to plan exactly what the new life should be. For one thing, she would give up the management of The Custard Cup, which was rapidly precluding other duties. One of the flats was now vacant; it flashed into her mind that she might rent it. There would be conveniences, a more satisfactory number of rooms. There would be school books, clothes, plenty to eat, a fund in the bank.

Mrs. Penfield had decided to purchase a few pieces of furniture, to be paid for in instalments; and she was about to set forth on this errand when a man in livery turned the crank in the erstwhile barn-door at Number 47 and delivered a letter. She opened the letter wonderingly, and read it twice before she could comprehend its meaning.

Dear Mrs. Penfield, it ran. Will you do me the honor to accept a few articles which I have gathered up around the house in the course of our refurnishing and shall send to you tomorrow? Think of them, please, as the co-operation of one mother with another, for those who have no mother.

Sincerely yours,  
Annette Weatherstone.

Mrs. Penfield dropped the letter and sat for a long time, thinking. “Mrs. Weatherstone's got real feelings,” she said to herself. “She knows I wouldn't accept anything on my own account, and she knows I can't refuse things for children that ain't mine.”

Mrs. Penfield was realizing that, with every year now, a greater outlay would be required if the children were to have ordinary advantages, training for some particular work, the clothing which could not always be home-made. And she was deeply grateful that the way was opening. Mrs.

[Continued on page 55]

# A Food That Merits Your Attention Grape-Nuts

—not alone for its delightful taste but for the sound health-building values it provides for every age.

Grape-Nuts is more than something good to eat. This blend of wheat and malted barley was specifically devised to include certain elements from the grains not generally used but necessary for best results in health, growth and body maintenance.

All the goodness of the grains is here preserved, ready-cooked and easily digestible, in truly economical form.

Children especially love Grape-Nuts and it builds strength and sturdiness.

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The Wholesome  
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## NABISCO Sugar Wafers

The soul of hospitality—the gentle touch that makes pleasure complete at any gathering, insuring to the hostess the knowledge of successful entertaining, due in no small measure to these helpful, irresistible table charmers. . . . Also—



## ANOLA Sugar Wafers



Chocolate-flavored squares with a meltingly good chocolate-flavored center. To be served on the same dish with NABISCO as lightsome accompaniments to beverages, sherbets, fruits, or ices. Completing the enjoyment are—

## RAMONA Sugar Wafers

Chocolate-flavored strips enclosing a cooling layer containing real cocoanut. Each of these three popular sugar wafers is sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package. Keep a supply in the pantry.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



## Double Barriers

[Continued from page 39]

had decided to beat the train in. At the station he leaped over the muddy wheel and raced the length of the platform.

"Here," he shouted to the brakeman, just swinging aboard the last car.

Havener had reached him. In his hand was the crumpled envelop.

"Well, hand it over," the man shouted. The train jerked into motion.

Havener started forward, then stopped. "Thanks awfully, but—" he hesitated a moment—"I guess I won't trouble you, after all."

As he climbed back over the muddy wheel again he heard the whistle of the engine as it rounded the curve below the bridge. He knew now that the thing was impossible. He remembered an expression of a British officer about a thing's being "cricket." Well, this thing wouldn't have been cricket. But the knowledge that he had not yielded brought him no glow of satisfaction.

The expression on the brakeman's face flashed before Havener suddenly and he smiled. It was the first time he had smiled in days. "The bird thought I was crazy," he half whispered. "Well, I suppose I am."

It was twilight now, and across the fields kerosene lamps were being lighted in farm-house kitchens. The night had become colder and a spring mist clung to the wet earth. Havener shivered. His throat caught suddenly in a half sob and his eye smarted. "God," he whispered, "has this got to go on for always—and always!"

He hunched down into his army overcoat and clutched the reins till the muscles of his arms ached with the tension.

As he passed the willow grove on the corner of Si Smart's place, he heard the sound of a galloping horse. There was something familiar about that gallop. He seemed to know it was his own horse, and Jake Smithers' voice did not surprise him.

"Mr. Havener," he shouted. "I thought it was you." He was out of breath and his voice came in gasps. "The stove exploded and set fire to the house. Mis' Havener seen and come runnin' over to help. She—"

"Whose house?" Havener interrupted. "For God's sake don't yell so."

"My house. You know that old stove-busted. She got hurt."

"Who?"

"Mis' Havener—but she got Pearlie and Vil'et out all right. Vil'et weren't hurt at all," he gasped.

For an instant the stupid, adenoidal expression of Smithers' progeny flashed before Havener, and he felt an unaccountable rage. "Where is she?"

"Who, Vil'et?"

"No," Havener shouted, "my wife."

"Oh, we carried her home," he said. "Doc Piney was over to the Worthingtons—you know Missus Worthington had a baby last week and it's kinda sickly. They seen the blaze. You know with the leaves still off them willer trees you kin see across—"

Havener's anger at Jake's loquacity burned away generations of New England resentment. "Shut up and answer me," he yelled. "Is the doctor with her now?"

"Yes."

For a second time that day he struck Old Henery. It was only a half mile from Smart's place home, but to Havener it seemed interminable. Behind him he could hear the trot of Jake Smithers' horse becoming fainter and fainter as he pushed ahead. He wasn't thinking of anything now. Nothing mattered except that he must hurry. He had felt that same way, just a year ago, when he had driven his ambulance through a night like this.

In the kitchen of his own house he found the Smithers' family. Nellie Smithers' face was more animated and joyous than Havener had ever seen it before. For the first time in many years she was important.

"Where is Mrs. Havener?" he demanded.

Doctor Piney, who had just come into the room, answered. "Upstairs. But you mustn't disturb her. She's asleep. Smoke and the gas fumes got her a little."

"Upstairs?" Havener echoed. His surprise was patent.

"Yes. She insisted—said it was her room." Doctor Piney turned a curious look on John Havener. "This won't hurt her, I don't believe, though for a couple of months now she should have been careful." With the intuition of a man who has seen other men when they were shorn of all the artificialities, he spoke again, half timidly. "It was a rather splendid thing she did today, you know, Mr. Havener."

John Havener climbed the narrow staircase to the attic room he had never seen. It was low-ceilinged and the pine rafters were still uncased. A lamp with a dark shade filled the room with heavy shadows, which gave it a curious vastness he knew it could not possess. On a cot in the corner lay Seena, her fair hair brushed straight back from her forehead. Over a coverlet of some curious stuff, crimson and exquisitely woven, her white arms were folded. Strange he had never noticed before that she was beautiful.

Havener sat down on a chair by her bedside. For a long time he looked at her as though it were for the first time. She seemed so young and curiously defenseless, lying there. How different they were and how little he knew her!

He remembered suddenly what Doctor Piney had said about her and what she had done that day. It seemed as though he had always known it to be true. She was "cricket," surely. It occurred to him at last that her game was as difficult as his.

Without moving, for fear the chair would creak, he looked at the room—her room, as the doctor had called it. On the floor was a rug of deep blue with a design of gold and scarlet. It was also hand-woven and beautiful as the work of a peasant people is beautiful. Against one wall stood Seena's chest, hand-carved and with a great brass lock—her dowry for which she had gone back to England. There were grotesque scenes carved upon it, scenes full of ribald humor, sophisticated and rather terrible; there were scenes of planting and reaping, and of the sea. Perhaps her father had carved it for her, or perhaps a suitor in that far-away village in Sweden. No Havener possession was as unique or as beautiful as this. In quick comparison he visualized the dreadful what-nots and cabinet cases that decorated the Westhaven drawing-room.

A work bench which Havener recognized as having once stood in the tool-shed was in the middle of the room, and across it was placed a scarf of heavy embroidery, done on coarse linen. Two candlesticks of wrought iron, such as Havener remembered having seen years ago in a museum in Nuremberg, stood on the table, and between them a volume of hand-tooled leather, old and beautiful. He remembered Seena had told him her mother was a lady and the daughter of a professor. Perhaps this had belonged to her and Seena had taken it when she fled to England.

She had carried it with her across the ocean to the new world. Havener looked back again at the sleeping figure on the cot. This room was neither Iowa nor Westhaven. It was Seena and her little village in Sweden.

He thought of the gloomy library back at Westhaven where the Havener portraits stared, of the shoddy golden-oak dining-room set downstairs that Seena had said was swell and like other folks. For the first time it dawned upon him that in her mind she might have been making excuses for his country—for him.

On the cot, Seena stirred and her eyes opened. For a long moment she and Havener looked at each other. Then she smiled, a little shyly. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to get hurt, you bet."

Havener stretched out his hand and touched her arm, "Seena," he said, "have you been lonesome here, so lonesome you ached with misery?"

Her face softened. "It's different. No sea, no sound of cow-bells on the hills. Oh, gee, no dancing Saturday nights in the village—"

"Do you hate that furniture downstairs—and the Smithers—and this whole damn ugly country?" He dropped down on his knees beside the cot and leaned above her. With a sudden gesture she put her arms around him and drew his face close to hers. "Boy," she said, "boy, it is hard for you. If you want me to, I will stay and work for you." Her voice was now only a whisper, "If you want me to—I will go way."

Downstairs he heard the slamming of a door. Jake Smithers was back and the raucous voices of his family rose in greeting.

At the sudden noise Seena started and Havener's arms tightened around her. He could have done murder at that moment.

When he looked at Seena again she was smiling, and around her mouth was that look of strange tenderness women wear only when they know that love is close by. "Oh gee, those Smithers," she whispered.

And John Havener laughed.



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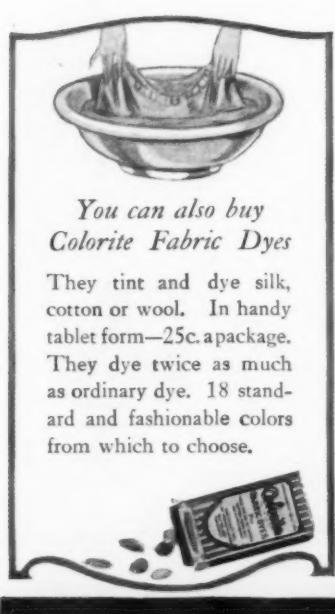
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# Fashions



No. 2090, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with vest attached to lining. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 1½ yards.

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3 sizes, 16-20  
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No. 2080, LADIES' BLOUSE; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 24-inch contrasting. The blouse buttons in the back.

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No. 2079, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material, and 2 yards of pleating for collar and cuffs. May be made with or without pleatings.

No. 2076, LADIES' DRESS; with shield; closing on shoulder and at left side; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1064, in yellow.

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2079 Shirtwaist  
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## Hem Lines Express the Latest Whim of Fashion by Going Up and Down

**S**KIRT details are subjects of much concern in the Fashion World today, and with the continued cry for elaborate, trimmed footwear, hem and outline are of vital importance.

A broken or uneven line at the lower edge marks the majority of new frocks, and both tunics and panels hang below the skirt in points or scallops. Overskirts and tunics go an inch or so beyond the skirt-length, or the skirt itself shows a decided tendency to dip on one or both sides.

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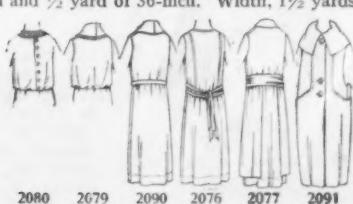


The NEW  
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2091 Wrap Coat  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 40 cents

No. 2091, LADIES' AND MISSES' WRAP COAT; two styles of collar; 42-inch length. The small size requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material and 4½ yards of 36-inch lining. Featuring a gathered panel and a novel side section.

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McCall Pattern  
2076 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 40 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1064  
Price, 40 cents

No. 2077, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve and tunic attached to overwaist; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards.



2080 2079 2090 2076 2077 2091

## Smart Designs for the Approaching Season

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9782 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern  
No. 927  
Price, 25 cents



9811 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents



9809 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents



9760 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents



9780 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents



9810 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents

No. 9811, LADIES' DRESS; four-piece skirt, with or without draped panels. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch figured material and 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch for the camisole, girdle and skirt. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 9807, LADIES' DRESS; with or without side panels. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1008, in yellow; two patterns required.

No. 9810, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt, with or without draped panels. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 36-inch for the waist and draped panels and 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch for the camisole, sash and skirt. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 9780, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 10-inch for the chemisette. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

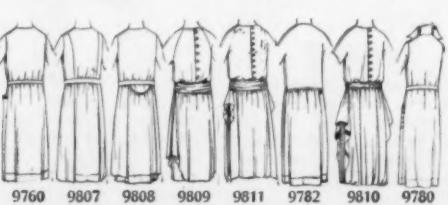
No. 9809, LADIES' DRESS; with or without tunic; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 45-inch material, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch for the skirt and 3 yards of 10-inch ribbon for the sash. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 9760, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve; 37- or 35-inch length. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch for the cuffs. The width at the lower edge is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 9782, LADIES' DRESS; with or without loose panels. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36 inch contrasting. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer Pattern No. 927, in yellow or blue.

No. 9808, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 3-inch for the vest. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1025, in yellow. Two patterns are required.

Transfer Pattern No. 1025  
Price, 25 cents



9808 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 35 cents

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No. 2086, LADIES' AND MISSES' UNDERVEST AND BLOOMERS. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. For the undervest,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards and for the bloomers,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material.



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Bloomers*  
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*The NEW McCall Pattern  
2087 Apron-Dress*  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents



*The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2014 Combination*  
Small, medium, large  
Transfer Pattern No. 426  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2014, LADIES' COMBINATION; camisole and bloomers. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 426, in blue.

No. 2019, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAMISOLE. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires 1 yard of 32- or 36-inch material and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of lace insertion.

*The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2019 Camisole*  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 25 cents  
*The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2051 Drawers*  
6 sizes, 24-34  
Price, 25 cents

*The NEW McCall Pattern  
2015 Nightgown*  
Small, medium, large  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2051, LADIES' CIRCULAR OPEN DRAWERS. Size 26 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of  $5\frac{1}{4}$ -inch lace flouncing. If desired, the lace flounce may be omitted and the edge finished with scallops.

No. 2015, LADIES' NIGHTGOWN. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of lace edging. This model may be tucked or Shirred in front.

No. 2087, LADIES' APRON DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; two-piece skirt attached to waist at hipline. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. The width at lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Pattern includes pocket and may be worn with or without belt.



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2079*

Shirtwaist  
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Price, 30 cents

*The NEW McCall Pattern  
2080 Blouse*  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 30 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 947  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2079, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. The fulness is gathered into the shoulder seam and, if desired, the collar may be finished with 2 yards of pleating.

No. 2080, LADIES' BLOUSE; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 1 1/8 yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 947, in yellow or blue, for single-stitch, outline-stitch, and French knots.

*9812 Blouse*  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Price, 25 cents

No. 9812, LADIES' VESTEE BLouse. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material, and 5 1/2 yard of 18-inch for vest.

No. 2082, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; three-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

No. 2081, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; three-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

*The NEW  
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**Sudden Mother's Work**  
Fit neatly over the diaper, keeping clothes dry and clean.

Hygienic, Sanitary, do not chafe.

Easily cleansed.  
We manufacture six different styles  
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Middlebury, Conn.



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Silk at  $\frac{1}{3}$  the Cost**  
*None Genuine without the Label*

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## Pretty and Gay Costumes for Spring



9763 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 55 cents

No. 9731, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; full length or shorter; convertible collar. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and 2½ yards 36-inch lining.

No. 9374, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women; in two lengths. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards.



9731 Coat  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 55 cents  
9374 Skirt  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents

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that you can't se-  
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pany, 238 W. 37th  
St., New York  
City, or to the  
nearest Branch  
Office, stating  
number and size  
desired and en-  
closing the price  
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St., Chicago, Ill.;  
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ronto, Canada.

No. 9763, MISSES'  
DRESS; suitable for  
small women; with  
vest attached to lin-  
ing; two styles of  
sleeve. Size 16 re-  
quires 5 yards of  
40-inch material,  
and 5/8 yard of 40-  
inch for vest. Width,  
1½ yards.

9813 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents

No. 9731, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; full length or shorter; convertible collar. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and 2½ yards 36-inch lining.

No. 9374, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women; in two lengths. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards.

9815 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1023  
Price, 25 cents



No. 9740,  
MISSES' DRESS;  
suitable for  
small women.  
Size 16 requires  
4½ yards of 40-  
inch material.  
Width, 1½ yards.  
Transfer Pattern  
No. 1022, in yel-  
low.

No. 9813,  
MISSES' DRESS.  
Size 16 requires  
1½ yards of 40-  
inch for waist  
and plenum and  
2½ yards 36-  
inch contrasting.  
Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9743, MISSES'  
DRESS; suitable for  
small women;  
basque with ki-  
mono sleeves. Size  
16 requires 3½  
yards of 36-inch  
material. Width 1½  
yards.

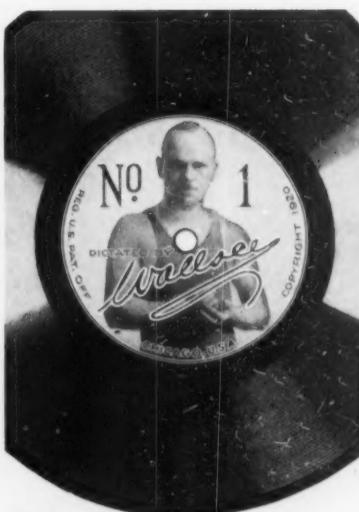
No. 9814, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 9815, MISSES' DRESS;  
suitable for small women.  
Size 16 requires 3 yards of  
36-inch material and 1½  
yards of 27-inch contrasting.  
Width, 1½ yards.  
Transfer Pattern No. 1023,  
in yellow.

9743 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents



9740 Dress  
3 sizes, 16-20  
Price, 35 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 1022  
Price, 25 cents



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GIRL'S MIDDY  
BLOUSE. Size 8  
requires 1½  
yards of 36-  
inch material  
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36-inch con-  
trasting.

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CHILD'S COAT;  
Size 8 requires  
1¾ yards of  
54-inch and ¾  
yard of 36-  
inch.



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stating number  
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price in stamps  
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9568 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price, 25 cents

No. 9568, GIRL'S DRESS; with or  
without tie-on basque and skirt  
drapery. Size 8 requires 2½  
yards of 36-inch material and 3  
yards of pleating.

No. 9727, CHILD'S COAT; two  
styles of sleeve and collar. Size  
10 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch  
material and ½ yard of 36-inch.

9663 Coat  
5 sizes, 2-10  
Price, 25 cents

9661 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price, 25 cents

9764 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price, 25 cents

No. 9661, GIRL'S  
DRESS; with vest.  
Size 8 requires 2  
yards of 36-inch  
material and ½  
yard of 36-inch con-  
trasting.



9816 Middy  
Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price, 25 cents

No. 9816, GIRL'S BOX-PLEATED  
MIDDY DRESS. Size 8, 2½  
yards of 40-inch and ½  
yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9764, GIRL'S DRESS. Size  
8 requires 5½ yard of 40-inch  
lace, ¾ yard of 36-inch ma-  
terial and 1½ yards of 13½-  
inch flouncing.

No. 9717, GIRL'S DRESS. Size  
8 requires, one material, 3½  
yards of 36-inch.

9727 Coat  
6 sizes, 2-12  
Price, 25 cents



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The NEW  
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5 sizes 1-6  
Price, 25 cents  
Transfer Pattern  
No. 646  
Price, 20 cents



The NEW McCall Pattern  
2095 Apron-Dress  
4 sizes, 4-10  
Price, 25 cents



The NEW McCall Pattern  
2098 Coat  
4 sizes, 6 months  
to 3 years  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2096, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 3 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 646, in blue, for satin- and eyelet-stitch.

No. 2095, GIRL'S APRON-DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; two-piece skirt attached to waist at hipline. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch material.

No. 2098, CHILD'S COAT; two styles of sleeve. Size 2 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2013, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 947, in yellow or blue.

No. 2093, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 32-inch material and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for cuffs.



The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2013 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Price, 25 cents  
Transfer  
Pattern  
No. 947  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2099, BOY'S MIDDY SUIT; with shield; two styles of sleeve; blouse in two lengths, to be slipped on over the head. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. May be worn with or without belt.

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2099 Middy Suit  
4 sizes, 2-8  
Price, 25 cents

No. 2097, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 629, in blue, for satin- and eyelet-stitch.

No. 2094, GIRL'S COAT; convertible collar. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 48-inch material,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs, and 2 yards of 36-inch satin for lining.



2098 2099

The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2093 Dress  
6 sizes, 4-14  
Price, 30 cents

2013 2094 2095  
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The NEW  
McCall Pattern  
2094 Coat  
5 sizes, 4-12  
Price, 30 cents  
Transfer Pattern No. 629  
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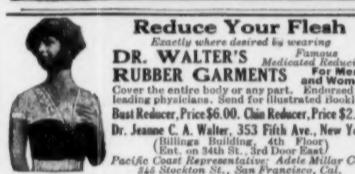
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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

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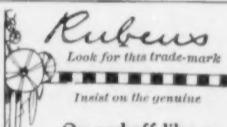
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1089



1086



1087 — Transfer Pattern for Child's Dress. Embroidered in delft-blue cotton on white material such as linen, poplin or lawn this makes the daintiest kind of a little frock. The scallops are buttonholed and the sprays worked in satin-stitch. Full embroidery directions included. Price, 25 cents. Blue. The dress is Pattern No. 6430. Sizes 6 months to 6 years. Price, 20 cents

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### The Silk Hangings

[Continued from page 41]

Weatherstone's letter stirred no fear that charity had been offered.

Mrs. Penfield was, however, wholly unprepared for the arrival of a small van the following morning. It was evident that Mrs. Weatherstone's courteous eyes had thoroughly taken in the outfit of apple boxes.

It was astonishing how quickly and adequately the furnishings were fitted into the new home. The four beds and the bedding were suspiciously new, but everything else bore evidence of having been used—a fact which made the gift the pleasanter. There were two large, plain rugs in the living-room and dining-room, small rugs in the bedrooms, a small dining-table, plain chairs, rocking chairs, to say nothing of a set of blue dishes and a box of plated silver. There were curtains that could be changed to fit; dresses and coats that could be remade.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Penfield briskly, "you've riz in the world a step or two, and there's responsibilities connected with it. Higher up the ladder you go, the more you got to stretch your moral nature. And there's one thing you plumb sure got to do from now on. You got to give up prowling."

"Oh," scoffed Crink, vastly relieved, "I 'bout gave that up when I got a steady job a couple hours a day."

"I don't prowl," contributed Thad, his soft eyelashes raying out from his widened eyes.

Lettie was silent. "I mean you, too, Lettie," continued Mrs. Penfield. "From now on, you can't prowl; you can't be dragging in stuff; you can't scramble over dumps."

"Why, Penzie," cried the child in dismay, "all my life—I've had to—and I got the habit!"

"You've got to give it up," repeated Mrs. Penfield firmly. "You'll have lots of other things to do—study and read and sew and cook. You must remember you can go to school now, and you got a fine home, and grand clo'es to wear, and heaps to eat—and you got to live up to it."

Lettie stared at her solemnly out of wide, black eyes. It was evident that the wreckage of the world was calling to her, with the allure of infinite variety, with the promise of endless potentiality. Her thin chest heaved. She threw out her arms in a gesture of utter renunciation.

"All right," she gulped, "I'll do it if it kills me. I gotta stay with you, Penzie."

Never was there a happier moving-day; never were five rooms more appreciated. "Ain't it wonderful to have such a sightly home?" exulted Mrs. Penfield, referring to the front windows, which gave an intimate view of the Custard Cup driveway; and to the dining-room, from which one could catch a glimpse of the hills, green from recent rains. Even the air was spring-like and full of promise.

There was to be a supper that in itself would be a house-warming. With her usual forethought, Mrs. Penfield had announced that it would be a fine spread, but this time the statement was not necessary. There were to be muffins and honey for the first course; and for the second, a tapioca pudding.

By the middle of the afternoon the pudding was made, and Lettie was beating the white of the egg for the frosting.

"Jiminy, ain't this fun!" she exclaimed. "I've always wondered how it felt to beat an egg. I could keep at it till kingdom come."

Crink burst in at the kitchen door. "O Penzie," he cried, "ev'rybody's so excited down to the store!"

Mrs. Penfield took down the can of sugar from the shelf above the sink. "What is it, Crink? What's happened?"

He stood in front of her, breathing hard, his eyes shining with eagerness. "Oh, there's been a terrible accident, and the father and mother were killed, but the baby wasn't and—"

"Crink, what are you talking about?" interrupted Mrs. Penfield in dismay.

"Why, Penzie, the baby. It hain't got nobody left—not nobody. Its folks wasn't related to any other folks." Crink gasped for breath, but jerked out his statement with wild gesticulations. Ev'rybody's saying what'll become of the baby—and so I thought mebbe—"

Lettie reluctantly relinquished the egg-beater, but zealously advocated the infant. "O Penzie, let's! It'd be such fun! Golly, I'd love to—"

Mrs. Penfield stirred sugar into the beaten white and spread the frosting over the pudding. "What's your idea, Crink?"

[Continued on page 56]

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## The Silk Hangings

(Continued from page 53)

she asked, as she slid the dish into the oven for the final browning.

"Well, I thought mebbe we could take it. You see, we hain't got any baby now—Thad's growing up so fast."

"Oh, can't we have it, please, Penzie?" begged Lettie. "A baby's just what we need."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Penfield, looking from one eager face to the other. "I expect you're right. Fact is, I been kind o' worried all the afternoon, thinking how fine we got ev'rything, and how easy it's going to be. Why, I hain't got a thing to do now but keep the house and do the washings and look after you three children."

"Oh, then you will—O Penzie, won't you hurry and get there 'fore anybody else wants it?"

"Land, Crink, there ain't never such a rush as that. But I'll change my dress right now and we'll go down, wherever it is. My goodness, I can't wait myself to get hold of that blessed baby."

"Ev'rybody says it's a fine one," put in Crink enthusiastically. "It's healthy, you know—and ev'rything."

"Oh, we'll have such fun raising it!" said Mrs. Penfield briskly. "I just know it's going to work out fine."

## Anna

(Continued from page 61)

"They're going to shoot me," she said. "Tomorrow. Before I have found my mother, or avenged my father. And you say nothing! American? You are no better than the worst of these. What are you going to do?"

"I answered, looking at her steadily: 'Will you marry me? Now? I think I can fool these people. . . . It's worth trying.'

"Anna made a gesture with her head, weary and disdainful. 'I will do anything. I will promise anything. Only don't let me die now.'

"I believe I raised my voice angrily. She was so confoundedly cool about it! 'I'm not asking anything of you. If I get you out, you can go where you please, when you like. If you marry me, you become automatically an American citizen. I can threaten them with that, and before they've had time to think about it, you'll be in Vladivostok—safe away. Afterward, I can take you to England—or wherever else you want to go. Only please don't speak to me of promises—'

"Suddenly she caught my hand and, going down on her knees, covered my fingers with kisses. That was the only sign of gratitude I had from her—then or later. I lifted her up and she stood before me, calm as a Sphinx again, with her head thrown back and her hands behind her. Our eyes met with hostility, the glances of guilty conspirators. Love? I hated her then. . . . But the old doctor sent for a priest and we were married. Then I went to the commandant and bullied and threatened him. My wife was suspected by Captain Blank—I've forgotten the baby monster's name—and under sentence to be executed with forty-nine others in the morning. The execution of a citizen of the United States might cause the withdrawal of American approval and support—and all the rest of it."

"I stormed and clawed the air. I pounded the old chap's desk with a clenched fist. I painted a picture of his own dismissal and downfall. And in the end, with a shrug, the military commandant reached hurriedly for a pen and scratched off a pardon for Mrs. Waldo Parker, of the United States of America. . . . He tossed it to me and said: 'I am under the impression that both you and your wife are Bolshevik sympathizers. The Red Cross must not cloak traitors. I advise you to return to Vladivostok and leave the typhus epidemic to us Russians. We are more humane.'

"With that parting shot, he dismissed me."

PARKER looked at Field with a grim smile. "Cheerful, wasn't it? I went back to the hospital and worked all night with the old doctor, an interne, three Sisters of Mercy and Anna, who was as tireless as a machine. She lifted sick men in her arms as if they were children. I had no time to do more than tell her of the pardon. She said simply: 'Merci, monsieur.'

"Merci, monsieur! And she was my wife! Well—that was part of it—I hadn't bargained for romance exactly. When dawn

(Continued on page 57)

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## Anna

[Continued from page 57]

memory of those atrocious crimes, to speak once for Russia cleansed of bloody folly, to go through with the wild adventure to the end—no matter what the end might be."

Parker tossed the second cigarette away. He did not light another, but sat with his arms folded on the table and his head bent.

"It was like me," he said, "to fall in love with her, just as I was about to lose her. And there your accusation hits me hard—rainbow chaser! Exactly. . . . I had seen this woman every day for eighteen months, without guessing what was in her of gentleness and wit and generosity. I had let her feed upon hate, instead of offering her love. I had turned my back on her. I had shut her away from beauty, and she was made for beauty! With eyes like that, youth like that, and fire in her that could kindle the heart in any man—

"So, at last, it kindled mine and very nearly consumed me. Funny, wasn't it? I had the rainbow within reach and I couldn't grasp it if I would. The hardest thing I had to do was to preserve my ridiculous aloofness. She must be free to the last, because I had offered her nothing but freedom.

"There were dangers and difficulties in the crossing of Russia. It was bitterly cold. The trains were overcrowded and underheated when they ran at all. We were regarded with suspicion, held on absurd pretexts, questioned, forgotten, questioned again—it might have been the Czar's Russia, save that everywhere the New Russia was being proclaimed, and that there was very little food and no trustworthy public service. Russia was suffering what all the rest of the world is suffering—only a little more so.

"We arrived in Petrograd at night. It was snowing when we came out of the station and stood looking for a carriage to take us to our hotel.

"In the carriage Anna said: 'Russia. We are here!'

"Something in her voice made me turn to look at her. Her face was transformed, lighted by an inner radiance. And for the first time I saw her smile. She put her gloved hand through my arm. 'Russia. And again, merci, monsieur.'

"Our eyes met. I thought: 'This is what you get for your knight-erranting. Merci and good-by.' Aloud I said, in spite of myself: 'I love you, Anna.'

"She continued to look at me. The smile faded, leaving her eyes somber and questioning. I felt her tremble. The snow drifted into the carriage and lay thick on our furs, like powdered crystal. And suddenly I knew that she wanted me as I wanted her—had all along, perhaps. Only there was such terrible pride in her, such unfaltering honesty! She held me away from her, as if she were trying to get at the truth, to read in my eyes whether I loved her or only pitied her. And then, with a sob, she gave me her lips.

I'm telling you this, because that was the end of it. A kiss—and between us the sort of love that happens once in a lifetime. There was no doubt that she was destined to be the one woman, all women. No doubt, then or now.

"The carriage drew up before the lighted doorway of the hotel and she sank back out of my arms, her hand across her eyes. I asked her to wait, and went in to inquire about rooms.

"I must have been inside for five minutes, not more. When I went out again, with the porter—an ex-soldier in a frayed tunic—the carriage was still standing there. Snow lay on the driver's fur cap, on the horses' backs, on the luggage. I put my head inside, and said: 'Anna?'

"She was not there.

"I might have known that she would do just this. More than she loved, she hated. . . . She was gone. Gone as completely as if I had imagined her there, wrapped in her furs, with her gloved hand over her eyes, waiting for me! Gone. Even her footprints were obliterated by the silent snow. The driver had seen nothing.

"The porter ran one way down the dark street; I ran the other, but there was no trace of her. Of course not. She had promised to go, and she had gone.

"I remained in Petrograd six months. But I never saw Anna again."

Parker pushed back his chair and stood up. "Shall we go in?" he asked, in a different voice. "It's rather late and that waiter seems anxious to get rid of us."

"By all means," Field answered.

Holmes rose, too, slowly, staring at Parker with that amiable, affectionate curiosity of his. "Well, I'll be damned," he said.

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SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc., Dept. 611 CHICAGO, ILL.



## Unbuilt Houses

*[Continued from page 8]*

So Roger was swept from familiar, quiet rooms and leisurely hours, into days full of absorbing events. Old Philip Duval saw to that. All those things which the boy had dreamed might some day be his through hard work, were here now—a free gift awaiting him.

Philip was still a wise and shrewd man. And perhaps he had never wanted anything in life as he wanted this boy. He did not mention future plans, but made sure that the boy was "kept busy" with anticipation—never for a minute bored.

A week vanished like a little sail over the sea's horizon, and three or four days of the second week.

One day Philip and Roger rode together. He wanted to show Roger the timber, Philip said. The morning sun, piercing through the thick leaves, cut across the sleek flanks of their horses. Old Philip sat erect in the saddle; his pointed Van Dyke was trimmed to the sharpness of a dagger. There was something Napoleonic about him—his eyes, not softened but made more steely by disappointment. He glanced at the boy's well-made figure swinging easily with the mare's gait. "Not like Anson—not a Duval," he murmured to himself.

At moments now he would forget his anger. If he and Anson had not quarreled, this boy would be his now. The Stanfields, with no money and their senseless pride, would have kept their hands off. Yet the boy, despite this old maid's influence, was young and malleable. Besides, he was Anson's son. The Duval iron must be lurking in him somewhere.

They had reached the top of a rise, where the fields fell away in a rushing descent until checked by a sharp barricade of hills, five miles distant. Roger turned quickly, the untrained instinct for beauty in his eyes. "This would be a wonderful site for a house!" he said, with enthusiasm.

Philip wrinkled his forehead and squinted across the open sunlit country. So this was the boy's weakness: house sites and landscapes. Diplomacy now, thought the old man. Later, when he was sure of Roger, he would teach him values. "Yes," he responded. "I've often thought so myself."

The boy held in his horse and stared at the view.

"What style of a house would you build here, my boy?" There was a sort of shrewd generosity in Philip's eyes.

Roger turned, surprised. His grandfather seemed suddenly interested in his own great desire. He took a quick breath and began to describe the lines and details of the house he would build.

Philip listened quietly. A half-ironical smile twisted the corners of his lips.

"Please conception, but exceedingly expensive." He drew out the words in slow, rasping tones.

The eagerness faded from Roger's face. It wore now the look of pride which the Stanfields had retained, when all but their traditions had vanished. He straightened up in the saddle.

"Of course, I would make the money—first!" he said, crisply.

The smirk on the old man's face became a grimace. "I thought at first you weren't like Anson—but you are—in some ways. He took things for granted—thought money his due—went through it like wind through a birch whistle."

Never before had the subject of his father been mentioned between them. It was new and strange to hear that name on his grandfather's lips. The old man's voice deepened; a slight huskiness had come into his throat—the only hint of weakening Roger had ever seen.

"He was more a Duval than you, though." Philip paused; then his voice steadied and became firmer. "If he were alive he would have wanted you here." He stopped, waited a bare second, flicked the whip against his horse's neck and started forward in a brisk trot, alone.

Roger sat rigid in his saddle. His father—the rusty, almost-forgotten link in the loosely-locked Duval chain—had suddenly become a personality, a man who felt and desired and loved; loved him, perhaps loved his grandfather in some inexplicable way.

Finally, on a moonless August night, the great stone house was lighted with a brilliance that reached out across the black lawns and under the drooping trees.

From the wide-flung windows came breaths of soft, quick music, mingled with a flow of eager voices and laughter.

In the big brown library, under yellow lamplight, Muriel Reese, on the edge of a

*[Continued on page 60]*

## 4,000 steps a day—"just around the house"

No wonder 7 out of 10 women have foot troubles!

From kitchen to front door; upstairs and down; to attic; to basement—any housewife knows she travels miles "just around the house."

But what she probably doesn't know is that the average day's housework means 4,000 steps!

And if she weighs 150 pounds, it means that 225 tons of weight have been transferred to her feet by bedtime!

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Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the eminent foot specialist, has designed the Foot-Easer for just this purpose. This sim-

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The Dr. Scholl appliances for the various types of arch trouble are made of springy silveroid, which alone can provide the permanently resilient support that is always needed whether the body's weight be on or off the foot.

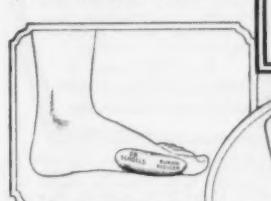
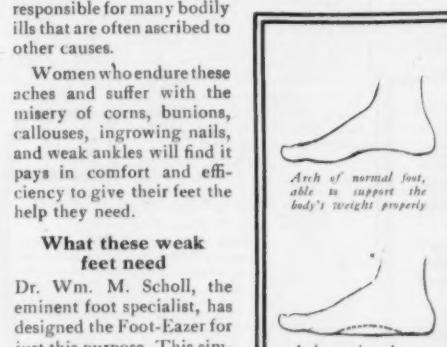
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Write for a copy of Dr. Scholl's latest booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." With it will be sent free, a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zinc-Oz Pads for corns and bunions.

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Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer—removes pressure from sore, tender bunions; hides the unsightly bulge and gradually reduces the growth. 3 sizes, right and left.



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CHICAGO



## Unbuilt Houses

[Continued from page 59]

highly polished table, brushed a bright peacock fan against her cheek. Roger stood looking into her eyes, his face intent.

Muriel concealed a yawn, with a small hand, and started down from her perch.

"Wait a minute, Muriel. I haven't finished—it isn't half as clear to me. Besides you don't know Aunt Harriet."

She gave a quick shrug of impatience. "I thought it was decided, and now you've begun the discussion all over again. I'm tired of talking. Let's dance." She touched the floor with a silver-slipped foot. "Suppose your aunt is a wonderful woman; Mother says you'd be giving up the opportunity of a lifetime. . . . I can't see why your grandfather, who mayn't live much longer, shouldn't be considered!"

"The point is, Muriel, Aunt Harriet has given me everything—has gone without herself to give to me! Grandfather wants to give me what my father wouldn't take. He wants me here because I'm a Duval—not because I'm what Aunt Harriet has made me!"

Muriel frowned; she fixed the shoulder-strap of her orchid evening gown more firmly, and retreated to familiar ground:

"But think how you can entertain, Roger! Mother says you can easily become the most influential man in Haver-ton! Anyway, your aunt wouldn't have consented to your coming at all if she hadn't meant you to stay. Do you suppose she doesn't see what your grandfather's money can do?"

Roger was watching the luster in Muriel's gold-brown hair. Then he remembered that she had spoken. "If you mean society—dances and parties all the time—don't accuse Aunt Harriet. She isn't interested," Roger spoke a little warily.

With a quick movement Muriel was on the floor, her dark eyes aflame, a deeper flush on her cheeks.

"Roger Duval, you're too stupid to argue with! Don't you know how important it is to entertain, to mingle with people—the people! If you could—"

Roger was suddenly, vividly conscious of Muriel and utterly unconscious of what she was saying. In a twinkling, he and Muriel had changed into totally different people, strangers he had never seen or heard of. . . . Then he had kissed her swiftly, almost roughly, and they were standing apart, each gazing at the rigid figure of the other. . . . Muriel's eyes dropped, a wave of fresh color swept her face; but when she looked at him, complete composure had settled upon her. She spoke in low tones, and a keen observer might have felt in her voice a nervous relief—the kind an actress experiences when she has lost her cue and found it.

"It's because I—we all cared so much, we couldn't bear to have you lose it—this wonderful—"

At this unpropitious moment, Archie Saunders, red-haired and fleshy, appeared in the doorway. His was the next dance with Muriel.

Muriel, seeing him, stopped speaking, but sat gazing into space, detached, held by some alluring vision. Roger, feeling an alien current in this somehow suddenly beautiful universe, turned toward the door. "There's Archie!" he said, as though startled out of a dream.

Muriel's large eyes turned slowly on Archie's perspiring bulk.

"I saw him," she said, annoyed. Then, languidly: "Is it a fox-trot, Archie?"

With a swift movement, Muriel took his arm and called back over her shoulder in soft, sweet tones: "Remember the twelfth, Roger."

They had gone. Roger crossed the room to an open window, leaped through it out on a geranium bed below, and walked swiftly across the lawn toward a cluster of heavy maples.

Question after question raced through his brain. Why had he kissed Muriel Reese—what was there about her tonight different from the girl he had gone to high school with, danced with for years? Why was he so unstrung? She hadn't minded . . . she had been wonderful . . .

He pulled out his watch nervously. In the dim light from the house he couldn't see the hands. . . . What did time matter, anyway? On the cover he saw faintly for the thousandth time the soft faint lines of his mother's face, then a girl of eighteen. He wished he had known his mother. Aunt Harriet had told him . . . Aunt Harriet down in the hot little village . . . She would understand his mood . . .

Tomorrow the two weeks were up. It would be ridiculous to say he hadn't enjoyed them. His grandfather had been so

[Continued on page 61]



## Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

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## Unbuilt Houses

[Continued from page 60]

decent, far nicer than he had expected. It was unfair that the decision was all up to him.

He looked up at the high gray walls of the house; somehow, inexplicably, they symbolized his burden. This house—his house if he said the word—was big, beautiful and stolid; yet it had personality, some sort of human quality. It was finished to the last detail, completed. It had no enticing future; its reputation would be that of age and one-time splendor.

Suddenly his face brightened with a look that dreamers sometimes have. The lines of that house, which would some day be his own, would merge into the background of earth and sky in their symmetry and grace. Aunt Harriet and he had talked about it so often. He could see each room—flashes of daring, blending colors. They had planned it and re-planned it together. It was as much hers as his. And she was down there alone in the village. He'd have to go back. He wanted her now.

A girl's figure in tinted white moved quickly across the grass. She stopped under a nearby tree, filmy, ethereal; the tones of her hair deepened, blended with the night. It was dark in the grove, except for a faint sheen of light from across the lawn, seeping through the heavy branches.

His thoughts soaring, he doubted for a moment her reality; he stood rigid, afraid of fading visions. She moved toward him now, vivid, eager. His blood, hot and surging, pounded in his ears. His breathing quickened. How lovely she was—a clean, sweet wind to sweep away the entanglements of his topsy-turvy life. What did dull decisions matter?

She stood, star-eyed, enveloped in mysterious beauty. The quick night breeze pushed a curl across her cheek.

"Muriel . . ." It flowed from his lips like the sound of a bow moving across a vibrant string. His youth met hers swiftly, unreckoning . . .

Presently she drew away, her hands resting lightly on his shoulders.

"Roger, you will stay—now?" Her voice was low, caressing; her red lips were half smiling.

He gazed beyond her to the village in the valley. The last late lights were going out. He wondered . . . The cords in his throat tightened . . .

The lighted windows in the library were suddenly blackened. The shadow of the house across the lawn deepened. As Roger gazed at it, his breath coming faster, it seemed like some binding, unmerciful force bearing down upon him. Once within its grasp, where were his freedom, his ambition, his great desire? It would mold him with its simpering conventionality, its petty pretenses, into a stupid pygmy—manhood lost. His thoughts came in waves, for the moment, clear as crystal. He had forgotten Muriel. He stood still, head up, eyes afire, his nails cutting the firm flesh of his hands.

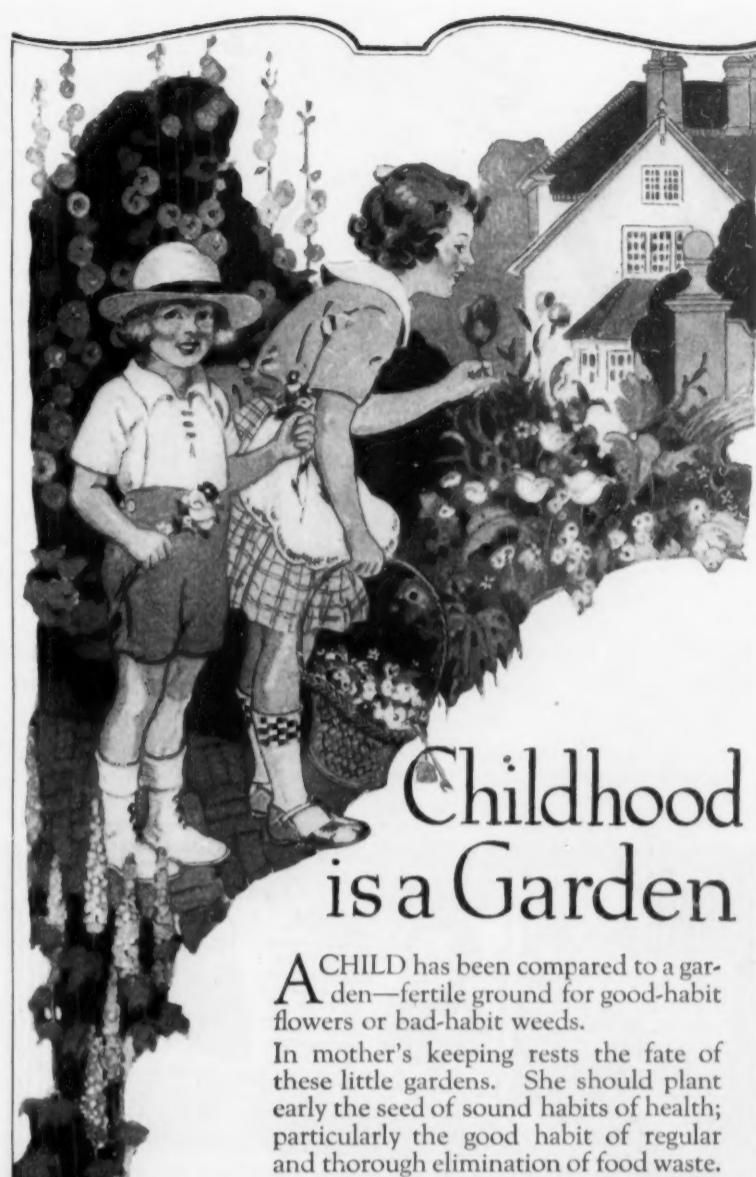
Muriel knew he did not see her; but she waited, held by some beauty in his face—something that made her feel older, tired, something that for a moment hurt. Then she moved mechanically and touched his cheek with cool, light fingers. He started, and turned to her with new eagerness. His arms tight about her, he spoke beyond her into the night. She felt enveloped by his personality, held by a force strong, exhilarating, which she did not understand. It was a new feeling—she was numb, helpless, yet happy. She raised her eyes and saw that the veins stood out on Roger's temples. His voice was unsteady, shaken.

"Muriel, if you love me, you've got to take me as I am—without all this. I've tried to explain—don't you see?"

His head dropped so that his eyes were on a level with hers.

Her strongest efforts to swerve him had been like the peckings of a little bird against a tree. She was conscious now of a new respect for his strength of will. Were her ideals inferior to his—would she have fought for them as he was doing—given this up . . . ? She saw the wide white brow and snowy hair of Harriet Stanfield—The vision faded. How was her own mother different from Harriet Stanfield? What did she herself lack that her mother might have given her? . . . And suddenly she knew she did not care. She wanted only that this strong, fine, grown-up Roger should love her. Nothing mattered now but this: Roger himself.

She looked up into his waiting eyes . . . Later he left her and went down the hill to the village. He would tell his grandfather in the morning, but he had to square things with Aunt Harriet tonight.



## Childhood is a Garden

A CHILD has been compared to a garden—fertile ground for good-habit flowers or bad-habit weeds.

In mother's keeping rests the fate of these little gardens. She should plant early the seed of sound habits of health; particularly the good habit of regular and thorough elimination of food waste. For of all the habits learned in childhood, this is by far the most important in safeguarding the child against illness and promoting its health all through life.

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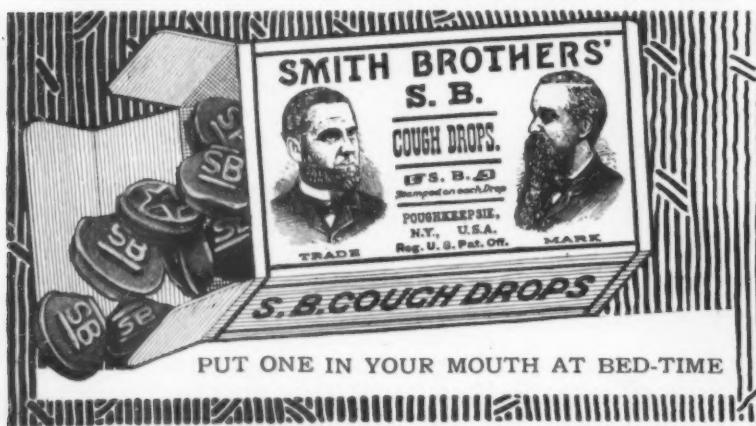
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## Daughter of Normandy

(Continued from page 101)

It was no secret among the members of the cast; and when on the night of the dress rehearsal the company was established in the dressing-rooms, the situation was discussed over every roué-pot.

"Lanvaly's a fool if she falls for Dorinne—the rotten way he's treating Gabrielle."

"If you ask me, he's the fool. Lanvaly's nothing but a temper on two thin legs."

The talk trailed along the corridors, shut in by heavy doors; lingered in dressing-rooms. "There's going to be trouble before this is over," they said, remarking Gabrielle's growing sullenness, Vivette's airy insouciance, Pierre's increasing infatuation.

"How long do you think I'm going to stand for your holding me off this way?" demanded Pierre passionately, seizing a moment when Vivette stood alone in the wings, waiting for her cue.

"Any time you don't like it, stop," she answered, in a flash.

"You're driving me mad!" he went on, while from behind a gently waving fan Gabrielle, on the stage, looked at them.

"Que diable! I'm doing nothing at all with you!" Vivette said indignantly.

"That's just it!" cried Pierre. But her cue took her, without an instant's pause, from him to the tragedies of Rose-Marie. Three and a quarter minutes later, by the director's watch, he met her in the rich, flimsy palace on the stage behind the foot-light's wall of glare; he spoke to her of Normandy and silver dawns, and taking her in his arms he kissed her, tenderness in his gesture and passion on his lips; while in the embrasure of the window Gabrielle stood motionless. And the curtain fell on a storm of applause.

Vivette took the curtain call, laughing, sparkling, standing in her court robes with roses falling at her feet; she gave her hand to Pierre, who bowed and bowed again.

Up two flights of stairs in the dressing-room which she shared with the other ladies-in-waiting, Gabrielle was having hysterics.

"Martin's hitting the snow again," said the call-boy to the concierge, when "Daughter of Normandy" had been running for a hundred nights. They stood in the doorway after a matinee, watching Vivette and Pierre driving away together.

In the taxi Vivette's hand rested lightly in Pierre's tight grip; his other arm was around her shoulders. "I don't know, Pierre," she was saying soberly. "You've been awfully good to me. But honestly—I don't seem to love anybody. I—I like you a lot."

"That's all right, Vivette. Only don't keep putting me off any longer. I'm mad about you. I adore you. Love me a little, just a little, won't you? I can do a lot for you. 'Daughter of Normandy' won't run forever. But you won't have to worry with me to look out for you. Vivette—darling!"

"Well, but I—I—wait till the season's over, won't you?"

"So that's it!" he said sulkily. "You're playing me along because you know I've got influence with Berger!"

"La, la!" she said gaily. "So you know already you've no one to be jealous of but yourself? No, no, no! Not now! I'm getting out here to buy me a hat. Of course hats are important. Often we're loved for them alone. Au voir."

It was one of the nights to make one believe in evil spirits. Nothing went well. The best lines fell flat, climaxes stirred only the faintest, disheartening applause. Only Vivette, starry-eyed as ever, and Gabrielle, in an unnatural calm, remained unshaken.

The first bell announcing the second act, had rung. Vivette was alone in her dressing-room, carefully adding a line to an eyebrow, when she saw Gabrielle's face in the mirror.

"Lo, Gaby!" she said carelessly. "Mon dieu! It's an iceberg out in front."

"I came to talk to you," said Gabrielle.

"Well, go on. One ear's out from under my hair," said Vivette.

"I'm not going to stand it! I love him. You understand? I know he's no good, but I love him just the same. You leave him alone." Gabrielle burst out.

"Yes?"

"Yes. You kiss him again and I'll kill you. I'll kill you."

"What!" cried Vivette, springing to her feet and stumbling a little in her court robes. "You think to frighten me? Me? You miserable little wretch! You poor ending to a bad play! Get out! Get out while you can take your eyes with you!"

(Continued on page 63)



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## Daughter of Normandy

[Continued from page 62]

she cried, stamping her foot. She stood quivering with rage behind the slammed door—and the second bell rang.

"That was droll, that one!" she thought soberly, going down the stairs that zigzagged to the stage-level. "Well, one dies some time. What happens, happens!"

The three raps sounded, the curtain rose. Gabrielle was on the stage. Vivette walked into the scene, gay, proud little Rose-Marie, in her heavy brocaded gown. The lines went smoothly. Pierre came on.

"Watch—watch from the window!" said Rose-Marie.

"Yes, my lady," said Gabrielle, turning, and Vivette saw among the folds of Gabrielle's dress her white hand clenched on a tiny revolver.

Her thoughts were suddenly running in double lines: Rose-Marie, looking into the eyes of her lover, and beside her Vivette, terrified into immobility. "Mon dieu! She will do it! Or will she? Is it to frighten me? She will; she is mad. If I move she will do it. To die? Oh, no, no, no!" And another little thought ran in. "Cheer up, Vivette!" it said. "Go through with it. Keep up your chin, and smile it through."

"Do you remember the dawns we used to know? Have you forgotten the mists curling up from the winding streams, the breath of the orchards, cool and sweet, blown across the meadows? Oh, my dear, tired love, come with me, and we will walk together again by the brook in the old orchard of Normandy."

The words came to her clearly, quieting, promising. There were tears in her eyes. Gabrielle, with a sudden, jerky movement raised the revolver, but Vivette did not see it. She put one hand to her throat and stood, a wistful, little girl. Then she took three steps forward, laid her head on Pierre's breast, and answered his kiss with hers.

Pierre ceased for an instant to be Rose-Marie's lover, and was all Pierre, holding Vivette in his arms.

"Mon dieu! Curtain! Curtain!" yammered the stage-manager, who had seen the revolver. In the embrasure of the window the first lady-in-waiting clutched Gabrielle's wrist with both hands. The eyes of the audience were on Pierre and Vivette. The point of the revolver slowly turned downward; the curtain was descending. The revolver shot was hardly noticed in the burst of applause; but Vivette did not take the curtain call. For the first time in her life she was having hysterics.

Behind the scenes was a madhouse. Gabrielle had collapsed, the first lady-in-waiting had fainted, Pierre was raving outside Vivette's dressing-room.

"Of course I can go on again!" stormed Vivette. "Que diable! Can I not weep if I like? You don't know how f-f-funny it is to be alive! I'll be all right when the curtain goes up."

She was. Rose-Marie, winsome and heart-breaking, played out her rôle opposite a shaken leading man and supported by a company that held its composure only in the glare of the footlights. But when Pierre would have almost humbly taken her under his own care after the final curtain, she showed another unaccountable mood.

"No, no, I don't want to see anybody. Don't worry about the little Vivette; I'm taking care of her. And don't forget," she added, her gay face with its tumbling curls reappearing for a moment from the taxi, "There's just as many diamonds in the sky as there ever were in heels."

"Tiens!" murmured Pierre to himself. "I suppose she means I'm to buy her a diamond. Well, she's beginning early. However—"

He dropped into Père Petit's next day and picked up, for thirty francs, as sparkling a ring as ever made any girl's hand fuse unnecessarily with her hair. He presented himself at the theater with it in his pocket and glad expectancy in his eye. The concierge noted his expression with grim delight, as she handed him a note.

Mon cher Pierre, it began, and ran on in funny, poorly-spelled French. I have gone back to the tiny village in Normandy where I was born. Do not weep for me and spoil your complexion. I say to you honestly, you were very good to me and I thank you. I have left the ten francs you lent me with the concierge. I always remembered the mists curling up from the winding streams. But on my father's farm there are no orchards, only cows. Life is like that, is it not so? But I shall be happy, for I confess to you that I am tired of Paris.

Your friend, Vivette.  
P.S. There is laughter in Normandy, too.

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Rung Down by Agnes Burke

### No Slur Intended

WE print below, with pleasure, a letter from one of our readers. Never, willingly, would we give the impression that in marriage the chase is all to the wife. We would not have it so. The more uncomfortable and uncertain mankind, the better we are pleased. The letter follows:

*Dear Sir.—We see so much in current literature on the subject, "How to keep your husband," that it is almost maddening. Is a husband an elusive thing that one must continually strive to keep? I have been married almost five years, am young and full of pep, but think that it is casting a slur at a woman to be continually printing that phrase. Why not turn it around for a change and start printing articles on "How to keep your wife?"*

*Not that I mean to insinuate McCall's has been printing any more of this stuff than any other magazine; but the tendency of the present-day writer is to lean this way.*

*If you want personal experiences I think my husband worries far more about the possibility of my tiring of him, than I do of his casting me aside.*

*I have two children and do my own work, but I still have time, sometimes, to long for the thrills life seems to hold for some.*

Sincerely yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

### An Efficiency Fiend

THE general manager of an eastern railroad had a reputation for laying off men whenever he found an excuse. As he appeared in the yards one day, two switchmen began to discuss him.



"He don't look like the man we hear he is," said one.  
"What do you hear?" the other asked.

"Why they say when he was at the funeral of Flannery's wife, and the six pallbearers came out carrying the coffin, he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on, boys! You can get along without two of them!'"

### Overtime

THE good old days are over, despite the efforts of the League for a Longer Life. Adam, the father of us all—lived, so they say, to be 930 years old. "He died sixty years before the birth of Noah. Methuselah was born 343 years before Adam's death, and lived some 630 years after the death of Noah. Thus the first 1906 years of the world's history were spanned by a bridge of three arches—with poor Methuselah, the central, overlapping." How bored he must have been when he came to die!

### A Mother's Aid

KATHARINE ANTHONY, whose article *Shall Mothers Be Beggars?* sets forth the necessity for a little better care of mothers, is excellently equipped to discuss the necessity for motherhood endowment. You may not agree with her, but at least her experience has qualified her to sift wisely from the experience of other countries, and to judge well of their efforts. Her books have been based on research, and first-hand observation.

"You can make up my history," she wrote to us, "out of Who's Who? I don't know what to add to it except that I have discussed this question\* of economic independence of married women with hundreds of mothers—in front of their own kitchen stoves; in neighborhoods where the infant death-rate is so high that some of these mothers would speak of 'my undertaker' in the same way that women in more fashionable districts would speak of 'my dressmaker.' One gets from them more than an academic view, more than an abstract conviction that something should be done."

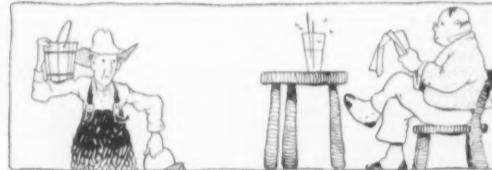
## The CURTAIN CALL

Rung Down by Agnes Burke

### The Exact Answer

SI MULLINS had to carry pail after pail of water from the old well, through the orchard and across the hen-yard to the kitchen, where Mrs. Potts washed for the family and the trade. It was no holiday task.

"How many years have you been doing it?" asked the elderly summer resident.



"Ten years," responded Mr. Mullins, waving his pails.

"Dear, dear!" said the wealthy person, in a commiserating tone. "Why, how much water do you suppose you've carried in that time?"

"I've carried all that's been in the well during that time and isn't there now," said Mr. Mullins.

### The Firing Age

A SUCCESSFUL business man has sent us an article—pertinent and impertinent—the theme of which is The Age Limit for the Employment of Unmarried Women. This writer—whose name, for the peace of his mind in his own office, we shall leave unmentioned—believes that all unmarried young woman-employees at thirty should be forcibly forced into matrimony.

"How long," he cries, "should an employer keep on the pay-roll an unmarried girl who is so enamored of her job that she turns down offers of marriage?"

"The manager of one of our departments is a girl who has been with us for ten years. She is good-looking, an excellent business woman. Having turned down two fine young men, she declares that she is never going to marry.

"I don't know just what to do about the matter. We can't just fire her, of course. Should we set a time-limit for the employment of single women? Should we refuse to employ single women over twenty-six?"

"To the 'bachelor girl,' home is quite often merely a place in which to sleep. And when to this lack of the usual sort of home life, is added woman's determination not to fetter herself with the chains of matrimony, it seems as though the problem were growing more acute.

"The setting of an age-limit beyond which unmarried women would not be employed, might solve the problem, if it were not for the fact that the employers would be discriminating against those unfortunate sisters who, anxious as they may be, have never had an opportunity to marry."

That last reason seems to us the strongest for letting the unmarried keep their jobs. There are jilts and jades and capricious flirts; but we doubt if many belong to the Association of Consistent Matrimonial Refusers. How many do you know?

### Fame—and the Town

AT this writing, the Small Town is nationally important. Such importance is no new rôle, for unto itself the small town is always dramatic, significant—the center of the universe, the climax of the play. Smug, self-sufficient, and narrow, perhaps; but as long as one must live and die in Green Village, or River Flats, fortunate its citizen who prefers it to Paris, who would not exchange it for New York.

More than its own gossips are talking about the small town. All the boys and girls who ran away from its confines are writing books about it. Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, and *Miss Lulu Bett* by our own Zona Gale, are books you should read. They are stories of America, which is the small town, even more so than the city with its traffic, its crowds, its cosmopolitan medley of peoples.

In the compactness and the solidarity of town spirit there is something fundamentally American. Yet if the great city becomes too diffuse, the small town is likely to grow warped. Which is worse? If you are beginning to believe that life begins and ends around your own Town Square, and that your ideas are good enough for you, look within the covers of these two books for what may be happening to you in life.

### Old Stuff

Charles—

Tell me, Laura, why that sadness,  
Tell me, why that look of care;  
Why has fled that look of gladness  
That thy face was wont to wear?

Clara—

Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble,  
Well my face may wear a frown,  
For I've lost my largest hairpin,  
And my chignon's coming down.

N. Y. Sun, 1870.

### Beyond the Pale

A FRIEND of Booth Tarkington tells of an occasion when the writer was induced to attend a "literary" dinner. Tarkington took into dinner an excellent, although anything but highbrow, woman.

The conversation touched upon the beauties of Chaucer and a spirited discussion ensued, during which the bewildered lady caught only the name "Chaucer."

At last she whispered to Tarkington, "Who is this Mr. Chaucer they're talking about? Is he so popular in society?"

"Madam," responded Tarkington, "that man did something that forever shuts him out of society."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady, "and what was that?"

"He died several hundred years ago."

### A Name in Vain

LUCKY the magazine that uncovers, from time to time, some struggling youngster who some day may be guilty of the great American novel. One of these promising aspirants is Marion Ward Lockwood whose first story, *Unbuilt Houses*, is in this month's McCall's. She has reached the ripe age of twenty-four and this story is the first presage of a successful literary career.

In fact, she says, her childhood was a literary failure.

Once, in school, she was sent to analyze a sentence on the blackboard, and her achievements did not please her teacher. Into that personage's angry eye came a gleam. Picking up a copy of *Lockwood's English Grammar*, she shouted at its namesake: "The author of this grammar would not be flattered if he knew you bore his name!"

### About Time

WHEN the Old Ladies' Home added a dietitian to its staff, the appearance of the young lady in the dining-room, in her starched uniform, caused a stir. That evening, two of the residents were discussing her.



"What is she anyway?" said one.

"She's a dietitian," the other answered.

"And what's she here for?"

"I don't exactly know," the second old lady answered, "but I think someone died in the kitchen."

### Another Brown

ALL the foreign authors who tour America always stop off in New York on the way back to Europe to pronounce the Middle West the heart of America. Bernice Brown, the author of *Double Barriers*, a story we are fortunate to print in this number, belongs to the elect. She comes from Iowa. Although she went abroad to school, later to Wells College, and then to the Great War with the Y. M. C. A., she is a true daughter of the Iowa soil where she was born. She knows her people. This is her first story published since she came back from France last year, but she has several others about to appear. She is young, gifted, and before long you will be looking for her name on the magazine covers. We believe she will grow up to be famous.

# Every young girl's ambition —to make a perfect pie

*The finest pie crust is easy to make. Those interested should read this carefully and understand the art of pie making*

SOME PEOPLE still think that the making of flaky, delicate and easily digested pie crust is an art. Perhaps it used to be. Today even the inexperienced girl can make the finest pie crust. Only two things are necessary. A good recipe—which is given here. And Mazola—which is sold by all grocers.

Mazola is so readily adapted to pie crust making that even those who first

try it are assured of flaky, tender crusts.

The liquid form of Mazola, and the fact that it is 100% pure, highest grade vegetable oil, is in a large way responsible for the satisfactory results. Crusts are too tough or too short in many cases. This is due to the inaccurate measuring bound to occur when hard fats are used. With Mazola you can measure the amount needed exactly.

## *Equal to butter at half the price— better than lard*

ORDINARY cooking fat that many people use quickly absorbs moisture from the fruit juices. It keeps the crust from getting the full cooking value from the heat. So, by the time the top crust and the filling of the pie are baked, the bottom and side crusts are still under-done.

This is one of the reasons why Mazola has the largest sale of any cooking oil, and why good cooks prefer it for pies, pastries and all cooking purposes.

And quite as interesting as the perfect result, is the economy of Mazola. You use  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$  less Mazola than of lard or other fat. Because Mazola contains no moisture.

## *Make this demonstration yourself tonight— easily accomplished*

GET a can of Mazola from your grocer today and try this recipe for perfect pie crust:

2 cups flour     $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Mazola    Pinch of salt    Ice water

Work Mazola well into the flour and salt, add enough ice water to hold together (about  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup) and roll out at once.  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of Baking Powder may be added if desired.

FREE The handsomely illustrated Cook Book contains 64 pages of practical and tested recipes by expert cooks. Write today. Corn Products Refining Co., P.O. Box 161, New York.



*If the undercrust of your pie is soggy, your pie is not perfect. Mazola insures the same crispness with the bottom crust as with the top crust.*



## Washing for beauty

THIS is to tell you how to make washing your face the most important of all beauty treatments. How to wash so thoroughly that every tiny pore and minute gland is cleansed from poisonous accumulations of dirt and oil. Yet to wash so gently that your complexion is soothed as you cleanse it.

The secret is *using the right soap*—soap with a mild, lotion-like lather. And in using such soap scientifically, as we explain here.

### *Wash with Palmolive and your two hands*

Palmolive Soap makes a wonderfully profuse, creamy lather, which you should work up and apply with your two hands. Use these same hands for rinsing. Use tepid water, but finish with ice cold.

Apply as much Palmolive Cold Cream as the skin will absorb, wiping off the surplus. Then look in the mirror and admire the becoming freshness and rosy bloom of your complexion.

Just before going to bed is the ideal time for this thorough cleansing. If your skin is unusually dry, we advise using Palmolive Cold Cream before you begin washing. This supplies

the lacking natural oil and keeps your skin smooth and supple.

### *Why Palmolive is so mild*

Because it contains the mildest, most gentle of natural cleansers—the Palm and Olive oils discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Cleopatra knew their value—they served her both as cleanser and cosmetic. They adorned the marble baths of the Greeks and Romans. Today their scientific combination in Palmolive Soap achieves the final toilet luxury.

### *Why it doesn't cost more*

Users of Palmolive may wonder why it isn't very expensive. Why this extra fine facial soap can be bought at the price of other soaps.

The answer is—Palmolive is so popular that it forces production in enormous quantity. The Palmolive factories work day and night, ingredients are purchased in almost unbelievable volume.

The result is a moderate price which puts Palmolive within the reach of everybody, everywhere. Palmolive is sold by leading dealers and supplied in guest-room size by America's most popular hotels.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.  
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